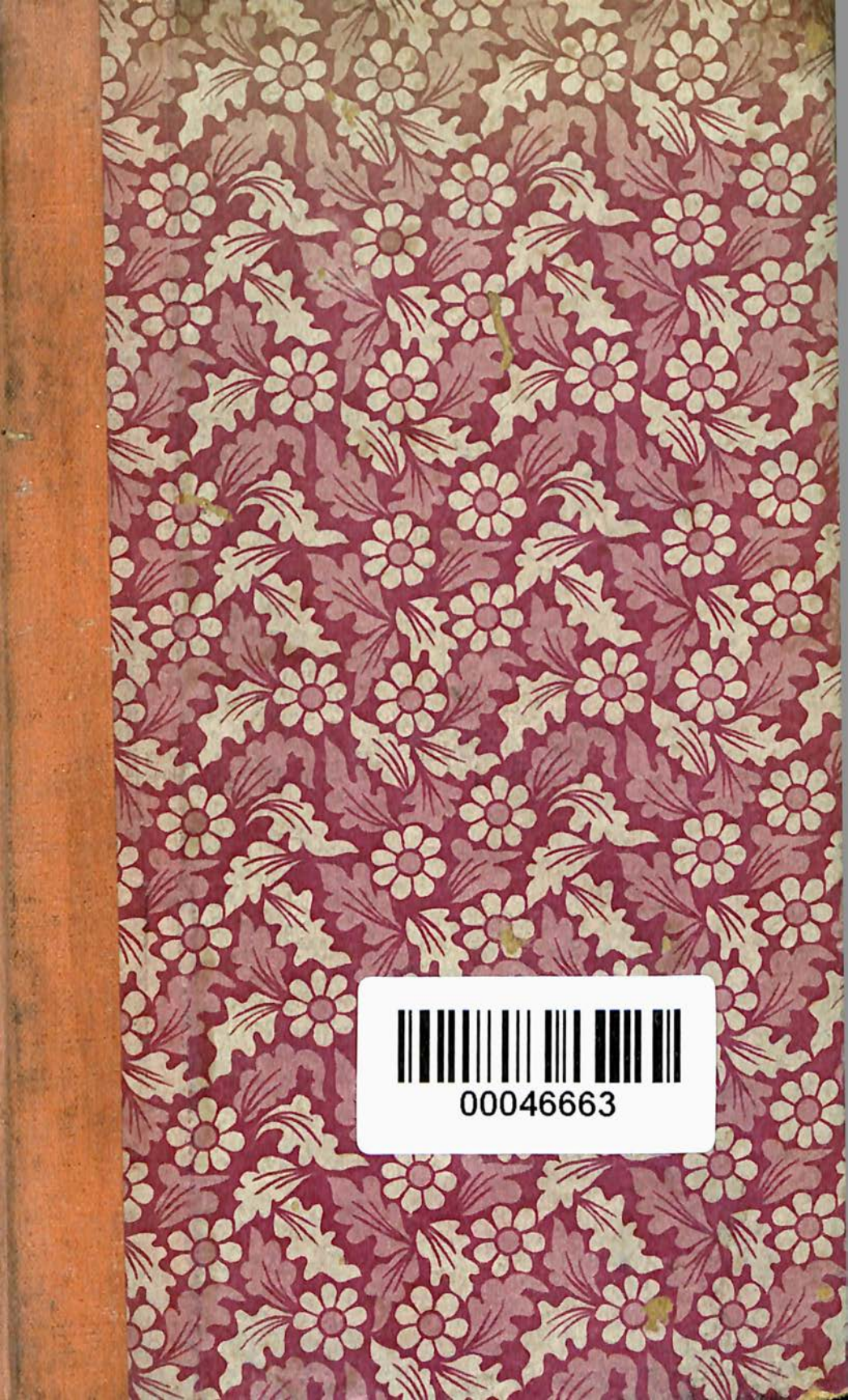
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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
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THE

CONFERENCE.

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THE

CONFERENCE.

GRACE ſaid in form, which Sceptics muſt agree,
When they are told that Grace was ſaid by Me;
The Servants gone, to break the ſcurvy jeſt
On the proud Landlord, and his thread-bare gueſt;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
My Lord, in uſual taſte, began to yawn,
And lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an inſipid kind of ſtupid ſtare,

Picking his teeth, twirling his ſeals about—
Churchill, you have a Poem coming out:
You've my beſt wiſhes; but I really fear
Your Muſe in general is too ſevere,
Her ſpirit ſeems her int'reſt to oppoſe,
And where ſhe makes one friend, makes twenty foes.

C. Your Lordſhip's fears are juſt, I feel their force,
But only feel it as a thing of courſe.
The man whoſe hardy ſpirit ſhall engage
To laſh the vices of a guilty age,
At his firſt ſetting forward ought to know,
That ev'ry rogue he meets muſt be his foe,
That the rude breath of Satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the ſtroke.
But ſhall the partial rage of ſelfiſh men
From ſtubborn juſtice wrench the righteous pen,
Or ſhall I not my ſettled courſe purſue,
Becauſe my foes, are foes to Virtue too?

L. What is this boaſted Virtue, taught in
And idly drawn from antiquated ru
What is her uſe? point out one wh
Will ſhe hurt foes, or can ſhe mak fr

[illegible]n from long faſts fierce appetites ariſe,
[illegible] ſame Virtue ſtifle Nature's cries?
Can ſhe the pittance of a meal afford,
And bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With froſt and ſnow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Canſt thou diſmiſs the hard unfeeling Dun
Barely by ſaying, Thou art Virtue's Son?
Or by baſe blundring Stateſmen ſent to jail,
Will MANSFIELD take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the name is in diſgrace,
Virtue and TEMPLE now are out of place.

Quit then this meteor, whoſe deluſive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far aſtray.
True Virtue means, let Reaſon uſe her eyes,
Nothing with Fools, and Int'reſt with the Wiſe.
Would'ſt thou be great, her patronage diſc[illegible],
Nor madly triumph in ſo mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And [illegible]ave [illegible]rtue poverty and ſcorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How ſeldom Prudence can with Virtue go?

To be ſucceſsful try thy utmoſt force,
And Virtue follows as a thing of courſe.

HIRCO, who knows not HIRCO, ſtarv
Of that kind Maſter who firſt gave him bread,
Scatters the ſeeds of diſcord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a truſting friend undone,
Betrays a Brother, and would cheat a Son:
What mortal in his ſenſes can endure
The name of HIRCO, for the wretch is poor!
"Let him hang, drown, ſtarve, on a dunghill rot,
"By all deteſted live, and die forgot;
"Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
"Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death,"
Is now the gen'ral cry we all purſue;
Let FORTUNE change, and PRUDENCE changes too,
Supple and pliant a new ſyſtem feels,
Throws up her Cap, and ſpaniels at his heels,
Long live great HIRCO, cries, by int'reſt
And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be n

C. Peace to ſuch Men, if ſuch Me
Let their Poſſeſſions, let their State

Let

Let their baſe ſervices in Courts ſtrike root,
And in the ſeaſon bring forth golden fruit,
Envy not; let thoſe who have the will,
And, with ſo little Spirit, ſo much ſkill,
With ſuch vile inſtruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honeſt man dares ſtarve.

L. Theſe ſtale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit Romance.
Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honeſt man, would do it too.
Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the ſky,
And dart from pole to pole thy ſtrengthen'd eye,
Thro' all that ſpace you ſhall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on ſuch a plan.
Cowards in calms will ſay, what in a ſtorm,
The Brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, ſpite of all you've ſaid,
You'd give your Honour for a cruſt of bread.

C. What Proof might do, what Hunger might effect,
What famiſh'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all ſhe once held dear, what Fear, at ſtrife
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,

Might make this coward fleſh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and ſhrinking back from death,
In treaſon to my ſoul, deſcend to bear,
Truſting to Fate, I neither know nor care.

Once, at this hour thoſe wounds afreſh I feel,
Which nor proſperity nor time can heal;
Thoſe wounds, which Fate ſeverely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, muſt for ever bleed,
Thoſe wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings ſuch mighty aid to Virtue's plan;
Once, aw'd by Fortune's moſt oppreſſive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at laſt gaſp, my ſtate undone,
Trembling to meet the ſhock I could not ſhun,
Virtue gave ground, and blank deſpair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the ſtorm, my ſpirits fail'd,
Like PETER's Faith, 'till One, a Friend indeed,
May all diſtreſs find ſuch in time of need!
One kind good man, in act, in word, in
By Virtue guided, and by Wiſdom tau
Image of him whom Chriſtians ſhould ado
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me ſafe to ſhore.

Since,

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for ſome little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in ſwerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools,
Plac'd above want, ſhall abject thirſt of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainſt my ſoul's deareſt health,
That, as a boon, I ſhould baſe ſhackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myſelf a ſlave;
That I ſhould in the train of thoſe appear,
Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear?

That I no longer ſkulk from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Afraid leſt Duns aſſail, and Bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcaſe bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the aukward friend,
Whoſe very obligations muſt offend,
Nor, all too froward, with impatience!
At ſuff'ring favours which I can't return;
That, from dependance and from pride ſecure,
I am not plac'd ſo high to ſcorn the poor,
Nor yet ſo low, that I my Lord ſhould fear,
Or heſitate to give him ſneer for ſneer;

That, whilſt ſage Prudence my purſuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
That, kind to others, to myſelf moſt true,
Feeling no want, I comfort thoſe who do;
And with the will have pow'r to aid diſtreſs;
Theſe, and what other bleſſings I poſſeſs,
From the indulgence of the PUBLIC riſe;
All private patronage my ſoul defies.
By Candour more inclin'd to ſave, than damn,
A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I Am.
All that I have, They gave; juſt mem'ry bears
The grateful ſtamp, and what I am is Theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for Freedom's cauſe,
To mouthe aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purpoſes of private fraud.
Prudence, L, public good intends her own;
If you mean otherwiſe, you ſtand alone.
What do we mean by Country and by Co[illegible]
What is it to Oppoſe, what to Support?
Mere words of courſe, and what is more abſurd
Than to pay homage to an ampty word!

MAJOR.

MAJORS and MINORS differ but in name,
Patriots and Miniſters are much the ſame;
The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
Is what the One is *in*, the Other *out*.

Explore the dark receſſes of the mind,
In the Soul's honeſt volume read mankind,
And own, in wiſe and ſimple, great and ſmall,
The ſame grand leading Principle in All.
Whate'er we talk of wiſdom to the wiſe,
Of goodneſs to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim moſt dear attention at our hands,
For Parent and for Child, for Wife and Friend,
Our firſt great Mover, and our laſt great End,
Is One, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling Tyrant SELF is All in All.
This, which unwilling Faction ſhall ad—t,
Guided in diff'rent ways a BUTE and PITT,
Made Tyrants break, made Kings obſerve the law,
And gave the world a STUART and NASSAU.

Hath Nature (ſtrange and wild conceit of Pride)
Diſtinguiſh'd thee from all her ſons beſide?

Doth

Doth Virtue in thy boſom brighter glow,
Or from a ſpring more pure doth Action flow?
Is not thy ſoul bound with thoſe very chains
Which ſhackle us, or is that SELF, which reigns
O'er Kings and Beggars, which in all we ſee
Moſt ſtrong and ſov'reign, only weak in Thee?
Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy Virtue, but thy Pride rebels.
Think (and for once lay by thy lawleſs pen)
Think, and confeſs thyſelf like other men;
Think but one hour, and, to thy Conſcience led
By Reaſon's hand, bow down and hang thy head;
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyſelf now, and own with ſtricteſt truth,
That SELF hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way
Farther than Folly would have dar'd to ſtray,
And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
To make thee have made thee more a ſlave.

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have ſo long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundleſs will
Let SELF maintain her ſtate and empire ſtill,

But

But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought
To things of higher daring; let her range
Thro' better paſtures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wiſely revolt, and join our ſtronger ſide.

C. Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? why to view
Would you thus cruelly thoſe ſcenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Muſt ſpeak me ſomething more, or leſs than man;
Which Friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on deſpair,
Which human nature muſt, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a buſy world,
Where praiſe and cenſure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meaneſt of my thoughts controul,
Or ſhake one ſettled purpoſe of my ſoul.
Free and at large might their wild curſes roam,
If All, if All alas! were well at home.
No---'tis the tale which angry Conſcience tells,
When ſhe with more than tragic horror ſwells

Each

Each circumſtance of guilt; when ſtern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late Remorſe awake at Reaſon's call,
Arm'd at all points bids Scorpion Vengeance paſs,
And to the mind holds up Reflection's glaſs,
The mind, which ſtarting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form ſhe knows to be her own.

Enough of this----let private ſorrows reſt----
As to the Public I dare ſtand the teſt;
Dare proudly boaſt, I feel no wiſh above
The good of ENGLAND, and my Country's love,
Stranger to party-rage, by Reaſon's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell, ſhall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honeſt ſoul diſdains,
Men who, with ſervile zeal, are forging chains
For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
To ſpread deſtruction o'er my native land!
What! ſhall I not, e'en to my lateſt breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,

Exert

Exert that little ſtrength which Nature gave,
And boldly ſtem, or periſh in the wave?

L. When I look backward for ſome fifty years;
And ſee *Proteſting* Patriots turn'd to Peers;
Hear men, moſt looſe, for decency declaim,
And talk of Character without a name;
See Infidels aſſert the cauſe of God,
And meek Divines wield Perſecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See WHITEHEAD take a place, RALPH change his pen,
I mock the zeal, and deem the men in ſport,
Who rail at Miniſters, and curſe a Court.
Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rhime,
Shall ſome Preferment, offer'd at a time
When Virtue ſleeps, ſome Sacrifice to Pride,
Or ſome fair Victim, move to change thy ſide.
Thee ſhall theſe eyes behold, to health reſtor'd,
Uſing, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's ſword,
Galling thy preſent friends, and praiſing thoſe,
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greateſt foes.

C. May I, (can worſe diſgrace on manhood fall?)
Be born a WHITEHEAD, and baptiz'd a PAUL;

May

May I (tho' to his service deeply tied
By sacred oaths, and now by will allied)
With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And use his name for some base private end;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my sick spirits, and unmans my soul)
Ruin the Virtue which I held most dear,
And still must hold; may I, thro' abject fear,
Betray my friend; may to succeeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilst mark'd with envious blot,
Each little act of Virtue is forgot;
Of all those evils which, to stamp men curs'd,
Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst
Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
May I be scorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to SCOTLAND for my life confin'd,
If I am one among the many known,
Whom SHELBURNE fled, and CALCRAFT blu[illegible]

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do, and that's the reaſon I oppoſe.
Friends I have made, whom Envy muſt commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wiſh a friend.
What if ten thouſand BUTES and HOLLANDS bawl,
One WILKES hath made a large amends for all.

'Tis not the Title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious ſtreams on recent men, who came
From ſtems unknown, and ſires without a name;
'Tis not the *Star*, which our great EDWARD gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilſt a baſe heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and ſin;
'Tis not the tinſel grandeur, taught to wait,
At cuſtom's call, to mark a fool of State
From fools of leſſer note, that Soul can awe
Whoſe Pride is Reaſon, whoſe Defence is Law.

L. Suppoſe (a thing ſcarce poſſible in Art,
Were it thy Cue to play a common Part;)

Suppoſe thy Writings ſo well fenc'd in Law,
That N— — cannot find, nor make a Flaw,
Haſt thou not heard, that 'mongſt our ancient Tribes,
By Party warpt, or lull'd aſleep by Bribes,
Or trembling at the Ruffian Hand of Force,
Law hath ſuſpended ſtood, or chang'd its Courſe?
Art thou aſſur'd, that, for Deſtruction ripe,
Thou may'ſt not ſmart beneath the ſelf-ſame Gripe?
What Sanction haſt thou, frantic in thy Rimes,
Thy Life, thy Freedom to ſecure?

C. The Times.

'Tis not on Law, a Syſtem great and good,
By Wiſdom penn'd, and bought by nobleſt Blood,
My Faith relies: By wicked Men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.---
No, on our great Law-giver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper End;
Whoſe Royalty of Nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere Sin to entertain a doubt:--
Did Tyrant STUARTS now the Laws diſpenſe.
(Bleſt be hour and hand which ſent them hen-
For ſomething, or for nothing, for a word,
Or thought, I might be doom'd to D.. th,

Life we might all reſign to lawleſs Pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchaſe of an hour;
But Envy ne'er ſhall fix ſo foul a ſtain
On the fair annals of a BRUNSWICK's reign.

If, Slave to Party, to Revenge, or Pride,
If, by frail human Error drawn aſide,
I break the Law, ſtrict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to puniſh, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor, by the voice of Juſtice doom'd to death,
Would I aſk mercy with my lateſt breath.
But, anxious only for my Country's good,
In which my King's, *of courſe*, is underſtood;
Form'd on a plan with ſome few Patriot friends,
Whilſt by juſt means I aim at nobleſt ends,
My Spirits cannot ſink; tho' from the tomb
Stern JEFFRIES ſhould be plac'd in MANSFIELD's room
Tho' he ſhould bring, his baſe deſigns to aid,
Some *black Attorney*, for his purpoſe made,
And ſh[illegible] Decency and Law retreat,
The modeſt NORTON from his Maiden ſeat,
Tho' both, in ill Confed'rates, ſhould agree,
In damned league, to torture Law and me,

Whilſt GEORGE is King, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be ſecure.

But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day) our Monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his Fathers, ſhould imperious Fate,
In vengeance, with freſh STUARTS curſe our ſtate;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of Law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppreſſive force,
Divert ſweet Juſtice from her even courſe;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witneſs 'gainſt my left;
Should they, abroad by Inquiſitions taught,
Search out my Soul, and damn me for a thought,
Still would I keep my courſe, ſtill ſpeak, ſtill write,
'Till Death had plung'd me in the ſhades of Night.

Thou GOD of *Truth*, thou great, all-ſearching Eye,
To whom our Thoughts, our Spirits open lie
Grant me thy ſtrength, and in that needful [illegible]
(Should it e'er come) when Law ſubmits to [illegible],
With firm reſolves my ſteady boſom ſteel,
Bravely to ſuffer, tho' I deeply feel.

Let me, as hitherto, ſtill draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death,
And, if Oppreſſion brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, ſhe ne'er ſhall mark a ſlave,
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unſeemly word;
Let ſober Triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
Whether he's raviſh'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of Corn,
Full ripe he falls, on Nature's nobleſt plan,
Who lives to Reaſon, and who dies a Man.

THE END.

THE AUTHOR.

THE AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man, whom fate ordains in ſpite,
And cruel parents teach, to Read and Write!
What need of letters? Wherefore ſhould we ſpell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well.

are the precious hours of youth miſpent,
ng Learning's rugged ſteep aſcent;
o the top the bold advent'rer's got.
is, vain monarch, o'er a barren ſpot,

Whilſt

Whilſt in the *vale* of *Ignorance* below,
FOLLY and VICE to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry ſide,
And proud preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed author's life's gay prime to waſte,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taſte,
To bear the ſlaviſh drudgery of ſchools,
And tamely ſtoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For ſeven long years debarr'd of lib'ral eaſe,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of ſolemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown,
To praiſe each ſenior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reaſon bluſh, and ſpirits fail,
Manhood with vile ſubmiſſion to diſgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whoſe merit is his Place;
VICE CHANCELLORS, whoſe knowledge is but ſmall,
And CHANCELLORS, who nothing know at all,
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous Spirit in thoſe days
When Learning was the certain road to praiſe,
When Nobles, with a love of Science bleſs'd,
Approv'd in others what themſelves poſſeſs'd.

But *Now*, when DULLNESS rears aloft her throne,
When LORDLY Vaſſals her wide Empire own,
When Wit, ſeduc'd by Envy, ſtarts aſide,
And baſely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What *Now* ſhould tempt us, by falſe hopes miſled,
Learning's unfaſhionable paths to tread;
To bear thoſe labours, which our Fathers bore,
That Crown with-held, which they in triumph wore?

When with much pains this boaſted Learning's got,
'Tis an affront to thoſe who have it not.
In ſome it cauſes hate, in others fear,
Inſtructs our foes to rail, our friends to ſneer.
With prudent haſte the worldly-minded fool,
Forgets the little which he learn'd at School;
The Elder Brother, to vaſt fortunes born,
Looks on all Science with an Eye of Scorn;
Dependent Brethren the ſame features wear,
And younger Sons are ſtupid as the Heir.
In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.

Is this---O Death to think! is this the Land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,

Where

Where Heroes, Parent-like, the Poet view'd,
By whom they ſaw their glorious deeds renew'd
Where Poets, true to Honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their Patrons ſanctify'd their praiſe?
Is this the Land, where, on our SPENCER's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, Deſcription hung;
Where JONSON rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilſt Reaſon thro' her Critic fences ſmil'd;
Where NATURE liſt'ning ſtood, whilſt SHAKESPEAR play'd,
And wonder'd at the Work herſelf had made?
Is this the Land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our Laws a ſure defence,
She mock'd at all reſtraints, but thoſe of Senſe;
Where health and honour trooping by her ſide,
She ſpread her ſacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way, Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a ſmile,
Bade thoſe, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her bleſſings, which GOD meant for all?
Is this the Land, where in ſome Tyrant's reign,
When a *weak, wicked, Miniſterial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the ſlaves of int'reſt, plann'd
Their Country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd

Thoſe

Thoſe wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cauſe,
Gave up our liberties, and ſold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanneſs where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the Virtue of a foe;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head,
To the foul heart her ſores Corruption ſpread,
Her iron arm when ſtern Oppreſſion rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad baſe ſhaken, fear'd
The ſcourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;
Is this the Land, where in thoſe worſt of times,
The hardy Poet rais'd his honeſt rimes
To dread rebuke, and bade controulment ſpeak
In guilty bluſhes on the villain's cheek,
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muſe, who fear'd not Law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow ſouls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowſy track of buſineſs trod,
Worſhip their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one muſty ſet of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by ſyſtem fools;

Who,

Who, form'd to dullneſs from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Goſpel truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their ſtock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when Creatures, form'd like theſe,
Whom Reaſon ſcorns, and I ſhould bluſh to pleaſe,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verſe a crime,
And hold not Truth, as Truth, if told in rime?

How do I laugh, when PUBLIUS, hoary groan
In zeal for SCOTLAND'S welfare, and his own,
By ſlow degrees, and courſe of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worſt of curſes Heav'n can ſend)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which Blockheads ſacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my Spirit, bids the daring Muſe
Subjects more equal to her weakneſs chuſe;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble ſwains,
Nor dare to traffick in ambitious ſtrains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim,

Along

Along the Church-way path complain with GRAY,
Or dance with MASON on the firſt of May?
" All ſacred is the name and pow'r of King's,
" All States and Stateſmen are thoſe mighty Things
" Which, howſoe'er they out of courſe may roll,
" Were never made for Poets to controul."

Peace, Peace thou Dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of Sacred Numbers, and their pow'r blaſpheme;
I tell thee, Wretch, ſearch all creation round,
In Earth, in Heav'n, no Subject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whoſe weight
The Poet cannot riſe, and hold his State.
The bleſſed Saints above in numbers ſpeak
The praiſe of God, tho' there all praiſe is weak;
In Numbers here below the Bard ſhall teach
Virtue to ſoar beyond the Villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, ſtrain his hoarſe throat,
And raiſe his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted Country, aw'd by men
Of ſlaviſh principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an Engliſh Poet to purſue,

Undaunted

Undaunted to purſue, tho', in return,
His writings by the common Hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their Betters, and by rank diſgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they ſtain,
And, mean themſelves, are of their Father's vain,
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a Poet like a Creditor,
The gen'rous ardor of the Muſe condemn,
And curſe the ſtorm they know muſt break on them.
" What, ſhall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
" Without one badge of merit, but his own,
" Great Nobles laſh, and *Lords*, like common men,
" Smart from the vengeance of Scribbler's pen?"

What's in this name of *Lord*, that I ſhould fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honeſt blood of humble ſwains
Quick as the tide which ſwells a Monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can beſtow,
Cannot make Virtues in ſucceſſion flow.
Would'ſt thou, proud Man, be ſafely plac'd above
The cenſure of the Muſe, deſerve her love,

Act

Act as thy Birth demands, as Nobles ought;
Look back, and by thy worthy Father taught,
Who *earn'd* thoſe Honours, thou wert *born* to wear,
Follow his ſteps, and be his Virtue's heir.
But if, regardleſs of the road to Fame,
You ſtart aſide, and tread the paths of Shame,
If ſuch thy life, that ſhould thy Sire ariſe,
The ſight of ſuch a Son would blaſt his eyes,
Would make him curſe the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, ſhudd'ring, from the face of earth
Once more, with ſhame and ſorrow, 'mongſt the dead
In endleſs night to hide his rev'rend head;
If ſuch thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
Than ever King a ſcoundrel made before,
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper ſpring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a King,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muſe ſhould drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy boſom bare
To the keen queſtion of the ſearching air.

Gods! with what pride I ſee the titled ſlave,
Who ſmarts beneath the ſtroke which Satire gave,

Aiming at eaſe, and with diſhoneſt art
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh, when, with affected air,
(Scarce able thro' deſpite to keep his chair,
Whilſt on his trembling lip pale anger ſpeaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of Conſcience, which good men ſecures
From all thoſe evil moments guilt endures,
And ſeems to laugh at thoſe, who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.
"SATIRE, whilſt envy and ill-humour ſway
"The mind of man, muſt always make her way;
"Nor to a boſom, with diſcretion fraught,
"Is all her malice worth a ſingle thought.
"The Wiſe have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
"To ſtop her headſtrong courſe; within the hour,
"Left to herſelf, ſhe dies; oppoſing Strife,
"Gives her freſh vigour, and prolongs her life.
"All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
"I can no patent for exemption claim,
"Nor would I wiſh to ſtop that harmleſs dart
"Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;
"Tho' pointed at myſelf, be SATIRE free;
"To her 'tis pleaſure, and no pain to me."

Diſſembling

Diſſembling Wretch! hence to the Stoic ſchool,
And there amongſt thy breth'ren play the fool,
There, unrebuk'd, theſe wild, vain doctrines preach;
Lives there a man, whom SATIRE cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can ſtand by,
And ſee his conſcience ripp'd with ſteady eye?
When SATIRE flies abroad on Falſhood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her ſting;
But, when to Truth allied, the wound ſhe gives
Sinks deep, and to remoteſt ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd fleſh ſhall rot,
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still ſhalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and ſtink to after-times.

Haſt thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
And own thoſe paſſions which thou ſhalt not hide.
S-------, who, from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth,
Who never dar'd, nor wiſh'd behind to ſtay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanneſs led the way,
Would bluſh, ſhould he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Thoſe actions, which he bluſh'd not to commit;

Men, the moſt infamous are fond of fame,
And thoſe who fear not guilt, yet ſtart at ſh[illegible]

But whither runs my zeal, whoſe rapid [illegible]
Turning the brain, bears Reaſon from her [illegible]
Carries me back to times, when Poets, bleſs'd
With courage, grac'd the Science they profeſs'd;
When they, in Honour rooted, firmly ſtood
The bad to puniſh, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public Virtue wrought,
The Foes of Freedom they to juſtice brought,
And dar'd expoſe thoſe ſlaves who dar'd ſupport
A Tyrant plan, and call'd themſelves a Court.
Ah! What are Poets now? as ſlaviſh thoſe
Who deal in Verſe, as thoſe who deal in Proſe,
Is there an Author, ſearch the Kingdom round,
In whom true Worth, and real Spirit's found?
The Slaves of Bookſellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baſer chains) vile penſioners of State;
Some, dead to ſhame, and of thoſe ſhackles proud
Which Honour ſcorns, for ſlav'ry roar aloud,
Others, *half-palſied* only, mutes become,
And what makes SMOLLET write, makes JOHNSON dumb.

Why

Why turns yon villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward, abaſh'd, when MURPHY paſſes by?
Doſt thou ſage MURPHY for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's ſake?
No, No---like other *Worldlings*; you will find
He ſhifts his ſails, and catches ev'ry wind.
His ſoul the ſhock of int'reſt can't endure:
Give him a penſion then, and ſin ſecure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn;
Bid Cowards thrive, put Honeſty to flight,
MURPHY ſhall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ranſack the inmoſt cloſet of my heart,
Swear thou'rt my Friend; by that baſe oath make way
Into my breaſt, and flatter to betray;
Or, if thoſe tricks are vain, if wholeſome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the Villain out,
Bribe thoſe who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On Authors for defence, for praiſe depend;
Pay him but well, and MURPHY is thy friend.

He, he ſhall ready ſtand with venal rimes,
To varniſh guilt, and conſecrate thy crimes,
To make Corruption in falſe colours ſhine,
And damn his own good name, to reſcue thine.

But, if thy niggard hands their gifts with hold,
And Vice no longer rains down ſhow'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
MURPHY, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice and juſter thought,
Shunning his ſteps, decrees, by Honour taught,
He ne'er can be a Friend, who ſtoops ſo low
To be the baſe betrayer of a foe;
What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
Muſt be with thine tranſmitted down to ſhame,
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blaſt thine, he'll blaſt his own.

To ope the fountain, whence ſedition ſprings,
To ſlander Government, and libel Kings,
With Freedom's name to ſerve a preſent hour,
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
To talk of WILLIAM with inſidious art,
Whilſt a vile STUART's lurking in his heart,

And,

And, whilſt mean Envy rears her loathſome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuſe the dead,
Where is SHEBBEARE? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a City Coach,
The Pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that Parade was Fame, not Puniſhment,
And that old, ſtaunch Whig BEARDMORE ſtanding by
Can in full Court give that report the lye.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to ſupport,
Half *Scotch*, half *Engliſh*, a declining Court,
To make moſt glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond diſpute, that black is white,
To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name,
To prove that Chains and Freedom are but one,
That to be ſav'd muſt mean to be undone,
Is there not GUTHRIE? Who, like him, can call
All Oppoſites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren ſtock;
He, far beyond the ſprings of Nature led,
Makes Women bring forth after they are dead;

He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In *Wedlock*'s ſacred bands joins Man to Man;
And, to complete the whole, moſt ſtrange, but true,
By ſome rare magic, makes them fruitful too,
Whilſt from their loins, in the due courſe of years,
Flows the rich blood of GUTHRIE's *Engliſh Peers*.

Doſt thou contrive ſome blacker deed of ſhame,
Something which Nature ſhudders but to name,
Something which makes the Soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her ſeat?
Doſt thou contrive for ſome baſe private end,
Some ſelfiſh view, to hang a truſting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promiſe life, to work him ſurer death?
Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and TYBURNE in his face;
Behold, a Parſon at thy Elbow ſtands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The Atheiſt Chaplain of an Atheiſt Lord.

Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
While it was known that I ſhould learn to read;

Tho'

Tho' that was nothing, for my Friends, who knew
What mighty Dullneſs of itſelf could do,
Never deſign'd me for a working Prieſt,
But hop'd, I ſhould have been a DEAN at leaſt;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the ſervice of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilſt proud, and pamper'd Sons of Lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of *rev'rend begg'ry* to appear,
To pray, and ſtarve on forty pounds a year;
My Friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forſook the Packhorſe road,
Whilſt Virtue to my conduct witneſs bears
In throwing off that gown, which FRANCIS wears.

What Creature's that, ſo very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery, and whim;
So gentle, yet ſo briſk; ſo wond'rous ſweet,
So fit to prattle at a Lady's feet,
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his Garb appears a man of God?
Truſt not to looks, nor credit outward ſhow;
The villain lurks beneath the *caſſock'd* Beau;

That's

That's an Informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from SODOM came.

His tongue is deadly---- from his preſence fun,
Unleſs thy rage would wiſh to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And Fear alone reſtrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no Monſter is ſo fell,
Nor is ſo ſure a blood-hound found in hell.
His ſilken ſmiles, his hypocritic air,
His meak demeanour, plauſible and fair,
Are only worn to have Fraud's eaſier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a ſurer prey.
Attend his Church----his plan of doctrine view----
The Preacher is a Chriſtian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
CHRIST, laid by neglected on the ſhelf,
And the vile Prieſt is Goſpel to himſelf.

By CLELAND tutor'd, and with BLACOW bred,
(BLACOW, whom by a brave reſentment led,
OXFORD, if OXFORD had not ſunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlaſting ſhame)

Their

Their ſteps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To Virtue loſt, to Vice alone he wakes,
Moſt luſciouſly declaims 'gainſt luſcious themes,
And, whilſt he rails at blaſphemy, blaſphemes.

Are theſe the Arts, which Policy ſupplies?
Are theſe the ſteps, by which grave Churchmen riſe?
Forbid it, Heav'n; or, ſhould it turn out ſo,
Let me, and mine, continue mean and low.
Such be their Arts, whom Intereſt controuls;
KIDGELL and I have free and honeſt ſouls.
We ſcorn Preferment which is gain'd by Sin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

THE

DUELLIST.

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK I.

THE Clock ſtruck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkneſs had ſpread her pitchy robe;
MORPHEUS, his feet with velvet ſhod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Diſtill'd his poppies far and wide.

AMBITION,

AMBITION, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty, but phantaſtic, ſchemes,
Who, when aſleep, ne'er knows that reſt
With which the humbler ſoul is bleſt,
Was building caſtles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.

Pale STUDY, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading, but, with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midſt plenty, with a face
Which might the Court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Grey AVARICE nodded o'er his gold.

JEALOUSY, his quick eye half-clos'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
And, mean diſtruſt not quite forgot,
Slumber'd as if he ſlumber'd not.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring ſleeping round,
Snor'd *reſtleſs* LABOUR; by his ſide
Lay HEALTH, a coarſe, but comely Bride.

VIRTUE, without the Doctor's aid,
In the ſoft arms of ſleep was laid,
Whilſt VICE, within the guilty breaſt,
Could not be phyſic'd into reſt.

Thou Bloody Man! whoſe ruffian knife
Is drawn againſt thy neighbour's life;
And never ſcruples to deſcend
Into the boſom of a friend;
A firm, faſt friend, by vice allied;
And to thy *ſecret* ſervice tied;
In whom ten Murders breed no awe,
If properly ſecur'd from law.
Thou Man of Luſt! whom paſſion fires
To fouleſt deeds; whoſe hot deſires
O'er honeſt bars with eaſe make way;
Whilſt *Ideot* Beauty falls a prey;
And to indulge thy brutal flame,
A LUCRECE muſt be brought to ſhame,

Who doſt, a brave, bold Sinner, bear
Rank inceſt to the open air,
And rapes, full-blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down.
Thou Similar of Luſt! vain man,
Whoſe reſtleſs thoughts ſtill form the plan
Of guilt, which wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeleſs nerves can't execute,
Whilſt in thy marrowleſs, dry bones,
Deſire without Enjoyment groans.
Thou Perjur'd Wretch! whom Falſhood cloaths
E'en like a garment, who with oaths
Doſt trifle, as with brokers, meant
To ſerve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the Day's broad and ſearching eye
Making God witneſs to a lye,
Blaſpheming Heav'n and Earth for pelf,
And hanging *friends* to ſave thyſelf.
Thou Son of Chance! whoſe glorious ſoul
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with Honour caught,
Nor on poor Virtue loſt one thought,
Who doſt thy *Wife*, thy *Children* ſet,
Thy *All*, upon a ſingle bet,

Riſquing

Riſquing the déſp'rate ſtake to try,
Here and *Hereafter* on a die,
Who, thy own private fortune loſt,
Doſt game on at thy Country's coſt,
And, grown expert in Sharping rules,
Firſt fool'd thyſelf, now prey'ſt on fools.
Thou Noble Gameſter, whoſe high place
Gives too much credit to diſgrace,
Who, with the motion of a die,
Doſt make a mighty Iſland fly,
The Sums, I mean, of good *French* gold
For which a mighty Iſland ſold;
Who doſt *betray Intelligence*,
Abuſe the *deareſt Confidence*,
And, private fortune to create,
Moſt falſely play the game of State;
Who doſt within the *Alley* ſport
Sums, which might beggar a whole Court,
And make us Bankrupts all, if CARE,
With good *Earl* TALBOT, was not there.
Thou daring Infidel! whom Pride
And Sin have drawn from Reaſon's ſide,
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Doſt wiſh not to believe a God,

Whoſe Hope is founded on a plan,
Which ſhould diſtract the ſoul of man,
And make him curſe his abject birth;
Whoſe Hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feaſt,
To rot and periſh, like a Beaſt;
Who doſt, of puniſhment afraid,
And by thy crimes a Coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous ſoul a Curſe,
Than Hell and all her torments worſe,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on deſtruction as a friend,
Chuſing to crumble into duſt
Rather than riſe, tho' riſe you muſt.
Thou Hypocrite! who doſt prophane,
And take the Patriot's name in vain,
Then moſt thy Country's foe, when moſt
Of Love and Loyalty you boaſt;
Who for the filthy love of Gold,
Thy Friend, thy King, thy God haſt ſold,
And, mocking the juſt claim of Hell,
Were bidders found, thyſelf wouldſt ſell.
Ye Villains! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim

Of

It is certain, on whoſe lids
A form, which never dies, forbids
Sleep to fall, *Come* and *Behold*,
While Envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitileſs Conſcience led,
So JUSTICE wills, that holy bed,
Where PEACE her full dominion keeps,
And Innocence with HOLLAND ſleeps.

Bid Terror, poſting on the wind,
Affray the ſpirits of mankind,
Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an untimely birth
Thro' the vaſt bowels of the earth,
Endeavour, in her monſtrous womb,
At once all Nature to entomb;
Bid all that's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conſpire,
To make night hideous, as they can;
Still is thy Sleep, Thou Virtuous Man,
Pure as the Thoughts, which in thy breaſt
Inhabit, and enſure thy reſt;

Still ſhall thy AYLIFF, taught, tho' late,
Thy friendly juſtice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian Angel, ſpread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark was the Night, by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations ſhake,
Might tear up Freedom from the root,
Deſtroy a WILKES, and fix a BUTE.

Deep Horror held her wide domain;
The ſky in ſullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which, op'ning, laid its boſom bare,
Loud Thunders roll'd, and Light'ning ſtream'd;
The Owl at Freedom's window ſcream'd,
The Screech-Owl, prophet dire, whoſe breath
Brings ſickneſs, and whoſe note is death;
The Church-Yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All ſad and ſilent, thro' the gloom,
The Ghoſts of Men, in former times
Whoſe Public Virtues were their crimes,

Indignant

Indignant ſtalk'd; Sorrow and Rage
Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
The prop of Freedom, HAMPDEN there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
SIDNEY by grief from Heav'n was kept,
And for his brother Patriot wept;
All Friends of LIBERTY, when Fate
Prepar'd to ſhorten WILKES's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
In other countries ſcarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of courſe,
Without or Energy or Force;
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd ſhe ſprings,
Far, far beyond the reach of Kings,
Freſh blooming from our Mother Earth;
With Pride and Joy ſhe owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breaſts her Genius burn;
Bids us with all thoſe bleſſings live
Which LIBERTY alone can give,

Or nobly with that Spirit die,
Which makes Death more than Victory.

Hail thoſe Old Patriots, on whoſe tongue
Perſuaſion in the Senate hung,
Whilſt They the ſacred Cauſe maintain'd!
Hail thoſe Old Chiefs, to Honour train'd,
Who ſpread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall Men like theſe unmention'd ſleep
Promiſcuous with the common heap,
And (Gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the ſtream of Time
In Shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On LETHE's ſtream, like flags, to rot?
No---they ſhall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on Honour's baſis, faſt
As the round Earth to ages laſt.
Some Virtues vaniſh with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himſelf, his ſcythe thrown by,
Himſelf loſt in Eternity,

An

An everlaſting crown ſhall twine
ke a WILKES and SIDNEY join.

Should ſome ſlave-got Villain dare
Chains for his Country to prepare,
And, by his birth to ſlav'ry broke,
Make her to feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurs'd,
Amongſt bad men be rank'd the worſt;
May he be ſtill himſelf, and ſtill
Go on in Vice, and perfect Ill;
May his broad crimes each day increaſe,
'Till he can't Live, nor Die in Peace;
May he be plung'd ſo deep in ſhame
That Satan may'nt endure his name,
And hear, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
His children curſe him for their birth;
May LIBERTY, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be ſtill a ſlave,
Grant him what here he moſt requires,
And damn him with his own deſires!

But ſhould ſome Villain, in ſupport
And zeal for a deſpairing Court,

Placing

Placing in Craft his confidence,
And making Honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepeſt ſhame,
Whilſt filthy lucre is his aim;
Should ſuch a Wretch, with ſword or knife,
Contrive to practiſe 'gainſt the life
Of One, who honour'd thro' the land,
For Freedom made a glorious ſtand,
Whoſe chief, perhaps his only crime,
Is (if plain Truth at ſuch a time
May dare her ſentiments to tell)
That He his Country loves too well;
May He—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to ſpeak—
May He—O for a noble curſe
Which might his very marrow pierce—
The general contempt engage,
And be the MARTIN of his age.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

THE DUELLIST.

BOOK II.

DEEP in the boſom of a wood,
Out of the road, a Temple ſtood;
Antient, and much the worſe for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from ſide to ſide,
Menac'd deſtruction far and wide,

Nor

Nor able ſeem'd, unleſs made ſtronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Riſing in order, *moſt* unſound,
Some rotten to the heart aloof
Seem'd to ſupport the tott'ring roof,
But to inſpection nearer laid,
Inſtead of giving wanted aid.

The Structure, rare and curious, made
By Men moſt famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was ſuffer'd into duſt to fall,
Or, juſt to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime
A crime which Art would treaſon hold,
To mention with thoſe names of old.

Builders, who had the pile ſurvey'd,
And thoſe not *Flitcrofts* in their trade,
Doubted (the wiſe hand in a doubt
Sometimes to hand her out)

Whether

Whether (like Churches in a brief,
Taught wiſely to obtain relief
Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other Charities)
It muſt not, in all parts unſound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (tho' after-ages ne'er
Shall raiſe a building to compare)
Art, if they ſhould their Art employ,
Meant to preſerve, might not deſtroy.
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and haſting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of Art defy,
Cannot thoſe very medicines bear,
Which, and which only can reſtore,
And make them healthy as before.

To LIBERTY, whoſe gracious ſmile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the Iſle,
Our grateful Anceſtors, her plain
But faithful Children, rais'd this fane.

Full in the Front, ſtretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her ſtrength

In

In Spring eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their Sons to Arms, to teach the Art
Of War, and ſteel the infant heart.
LABOUR, their hardy nurſe, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had ſtrung;
ABSTINENCE, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they firſt drew breath,
The beſt of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
HEALTH in their cheeks bade colour riſe,
And GLORY ſparkled in their eyes.

The inſtruments of Huſbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place ſupplied.
Their bows to the head they drew;
Swift to the point their javelins flew;
They graſp'd the ſword, they ſhook the ſpear;
Their Fathers felt a pleaſing fear,
And even COURAGE, ſtanding by,
Scarcely beheld with ſteady eye.

Each

Each Stripling, leſſon'd by his Sire,
Knew when to cloſe, when to retire,
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was Himſelf a War.

Their Wives, their Mothers all around,
Careleſs of order, on the ground,
Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And for a Son's or Huſband's brow,
With eager fingers Laurel wove;
Laurel, which in the ſacred grove,
Planted by LIBERTY, they find,
The brows of Conquerors to bind,
To give them Pride and Spirits, fit
To make a world in arms ſubmit.

What raptures did the boſom fire
Of the young, rugged, peaſant Sire,
When, from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of Night,
He ſaw his babe reſign the breaſt,
And, ſmiling, ſtroke thoſe arms in jeſt,
With which hereafter he ſhall make
The proudeſt heart in GALLIA quake!

Gods!

Gods! with what joy, what honeſt pride,
Did each fond, wiſhing, ruſtic Bride,
Behold her manly ſwain return!
How did her love-ſick boſom burn,
Tho' on Parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleaſure height'ning all her charms,
She ſtrain'd her Warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilſt Love and Glory fire,
A Son, a Son juſt like his Sire!

Such were the men in former times,
Ere Luxury h[illegible] made our crimes
Our bitter Puniſhment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign ſhore;
Such were the men, who free from dread,
By EDWARDS and by HENRIES led,
Spre[illegible]ke a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
O'e[illegible]ghty GALLIA'S trembling plains;
Such were the Men, when luſt of Pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the Tyrant from thoſe ways,
On which a King ſhould found his praiſe,

When

When ſtern OPPRESSION, hand in hand
With PRIDE, ſtalk'd proudly thro' the land;
When weeping JUSTICE was miſled
From her fair courſe, and MERCY dead;
Such were the Men, in Virtue ſtrong,
Who dar'd not ſee their Country's wrong,
Who left the mattock, and the ſpade,
And, in the robes of War array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpleſs babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, ſwore to ſee
Thoſe babes no more, or ſee them free;
Such were the Men, whom Tyrant PRIDE
Could never faſten to his ſide
By threats or bribes, who, Freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with ſcorn;
Who, free from ev'ry ſervile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from Law,
From that broad gen'ral Law, which
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependant ſtations riſe;
Could never be to Slav'ry led,
For PROPERTY was at their head;

Such were the Men in days or yore,
Who, call'd by LIBERTY, before
Her Temple on the ſacred green,
In martial paſtimes oft were ſeen---
Now ſeen no longer---in their ſtead,
To lazineſs and vermin bred,
A Race who, ſtrangers to the cauſe
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To intereſt, and ſlaves for pay.
VALOUR, how glorious on a plan
Of Hónour founded, leads their Van;
DISCRETI[redacted]ree from taint of fear,
Cool, but reſolv'd, brings up their rear;
DISCRETION, VALOUR's better half;
DEPENDANCE holds the Gen'ral's Staff.

[redacted]plain and home-ſpun garb array'd,
Not for vain ſhew, but ſervice made,
In a green flouriſhing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an Equipage,
In rules of *Porterage* untaught,
SIMPLICITY, not worth a groat,

For

For years had kept the Temple door;
Full on his breaſt a glaſs he wore,
Thro' which his boſom open lay
To ev'ry one that paſs'd that way.
Now turn'd adrift---with humbler face,
But prouder heart, his vacant place
CORRUPTION fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the houſe reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honeſt glee,
The *Steward* HOSPITALITY,
Old WELCOME ſmiling by his ſide,
A good, old Servant, often tried,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His Lady's fame and int'reſt too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her State a-ground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern uſe) *reſign'd.*

Half-ſtarv'd, half-ſtarving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,

Deteſted, and deteſting all,
Made up of Avarice and Gall,
Boaſting great thrift, yet waſting more
Than ever Steward did before,
Succeeded *One*, who, to engage
The praiſe of an exhauſted Age,
Aſſum'd a name of high degree,
And called himſelf OECONOMY.

Within the Temple, full in ſight,
Where, without ceaſing, day and night,
The Wor[illegible] toil'd, where LABOUR bar'd
His brawny arm, where ART prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a *Printing-Preſs* aroſe;
Each Workman knew his taſk, and each
[illegible]neſt and expert as LEACH.

Hence LEARNING ſtruck a deeper root,
And SCIENCE brought forth riper fruit;
Hence LOYALTY receiv'd ſupport,
Even when baniſh'd from the Court;
Hence GOVERNMENT gain'd ſtrength, and *hence*
RELIGION ſought, and found defence;

Hence

Hence ENGLAND's faireſt fame aroſe,
And LIBERTY ſubdu'd her foes.

On a low, ſimple, turf-made throne
Rais'd by *Allegiance*, ſcarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that Equality
She wiſh'd to all, ſo far as cou'd
Safely conſiſt with ſocial good,
The GODDESS ſat; around her head
A chearful radiance GLORY ſpread;
COURAGE, a Youth of royal race,
Lovlily ſtern, poſſeſs'd a place
On her left-hand, and on her right
Sat HONOUR, cloath'd with robes of Light;
Before her MAGNA CHARTA lay,
Which ſome great Lawer, of his day
The PRATT, was offic'd to explain,
And make the baſis of her reign;
PEACE, crown'd with Olive, to her breaſt
Two ſmiling, twin-born infants preſt;
At her feet couching, WAR was laid,
And with a brindled Lion play'd;

JUSTICE and MERCY, hand in hand,
Joint Guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And TRUTH walk'd all about at large;
HEALTH for the royal troop the feaſt
Prepar'd, and VIRTUE was High Prieſt.

Such was the fame our *Goddeſs* bore,
Her Temple ſuch, in days of yore.
What changes ruthleſs Time preſents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding ſpires,
Her altars [illegible] her dying fires,
Her name [illegible], her Prieſts deſtroy'd,
Her friends diſgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herſelf (by *Miniſterial* Arts
Depriv'd e'en of the people's hearts,
Whil[illegible]ey, to work her ſurer woe,
Fe[illegible]en to Monarchy a foe)
Exil'd by grief, ſelf-doom'd to dwell
With ſome poor Hermit in a cell,
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If ſhe walks forth, ſhe walks *unknown*,

Hooted,

Hooted, and pointed at with ſcorn,
As One in ſome ſtrange Country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of ſpoilers, ſeize her place;
With looks, which might the heart diſ-ſeat,
And make life ſound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A *Staunch, Old Blood-hound* at their head,
Who, free from Virtue and from Awe,
Knew none but the bad part of Law,
They rov'd at large; each on his breaſt
Mark'd with a *Grey-hound*, ſto[illegible]ſt,
CONTROULMENT waited on the[illegible]
High-weilding PERSECUTION's rod,
CONFUSION follow'd at their heels,
And a *caſt Stateſman* held the Seals,
Thoſe Seals, for which he dear ſhall [illegible]
When awful JUSTICE takes her day.

The Printers ſaw---they ſaw and fled---
SCIENCE, declining, hung her head,
PROPERTY in deſpair appear'd,
And for herſelf deſtruction fear'd;

Whilſt, under-foot, the rude ſlaves trod
The works of men, and word of God,
Whilſt, cloſe behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay---could not read,
A *bold*, *bad* man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do miſchief) ſet his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Goſpel ſtamp'd an L.

LIBERTY fled, her Friends withdrew,
Her Friend[illegible]hful, choſen few;
HONOUR in g[illegible]threw up, and SHAME,
Cloathing herſelf with HONOUR's name,
Uſurp'd his ſtation; on the throne,
Which LIBERTY once call'd her own,
(G[illegible]t ſuch mighty ills ſhould ſpring,
L[illegible]o great, ſo good a King,
So Lov'd, ſo Loving, thro' the arts
Of State[illegible]n, curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpoſe fit,
Behold in triumph STATE-CRAFT ſit.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE

DUELLIST.

BOOK III.

AH me! what mighty perils wait,
The man who meddles with ſtate,
Whether to ſtrengthen, or oppoſe!
Falſe are his friends, and firm his foes.
How muſt his Soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from ſin to ſin!
What toils he ſuffers, what diſgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!

How often, whether wrong or right,
Muſt he in jeſt or earneſt fight,
Riſquing for thoſe both life and limb,
Who would not riſque one groat for him!

Under the Temple lay a Cave;
Made by ſome guilty, cowārd ſlave,
Whoſe actions fear'd rebukĕ, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One Paſſage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a Cell,
Where FRAUD lov'd to dwell,
With all her t[illegible]d ſlaves about her,
Nor fear'd leſt HONESTY ſhould rout her.

In a dark corner, ſhunning ſight
Of Man, [illegible] ſhrinking from the light,
One [illegible] dim taper thro' the Cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkneſs, ſhe prepares,
Working unſeen, all kinds of ſnares,
With curious, but deſtructive art;
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,

And

Gay *Stars* their tinſel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a Lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave *Plumes* of *Feathers* for the head;
Garters the Hag contrives to make,
Which, as it ſeems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious Madmen feel
More firm and ſure than chains of ſteel;
Which, ſlipp'd juſt underneath the knee,
Forbid a Freeman to be free.
Purſes ſhe knew (did ever curſe
Travel more ſure than in a purſe?)
Which, by ſome ſtrange an[illegible] bands
Enſlave the ſoul, and tie the [illegible]s.

Here FLATT'RY, eldeſt born of GUILE,
Weaves with rare ſkill the ſilken ſmile,
The courtly cringe, the ſupple bow,
The private ſqueeze, the Levee vow,
With which, no ſtrange or recent caſe,
Fools *in* deceive Fools *out* of place.

CORRUPTION (who, in former times,
Thro' fear or ſhame conceal'd her crimes,

And

And what ſhe did, contriv'd to do it
So that the Public might not view it)
Preſumptuous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her buſineſs might
Be done as ſafe as in the night.

Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning ſome dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which ſtood,
All freſh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By TREASON [illegible]d, GUY FAWKES bore,
By which, ſin[illegible]y improv'd in trade,
Exciſemen have their lanthorns made,
ASSASSINATION, her whole mind
Blood-thirſting, on her arm reclin'd.
DE[illegible]ning, at her elbow ſtood,
And [illegible]d forth inſtruments of blood,
Vile inſtruments, which cowards chuſe,
But Men of Honour dare not uſe;
Around his Lordſhip and his Grace,
Both qualified for ſuch a place,

With

With many a FORBES, and many a DUN,
Each a reſolv'd, and pious Son,
Wait her high bidding; Each prepar'd
As ſhe around her orders ſhar'd,
Proof 'gainſt remorſe, to run, to fly,
And bid the deſtin'd victim die,
Poſting on Villainy's black wing,
Whether He Patriot is, or King.

OPPRESSION, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or at the moſt a rev'rend awe—
To breed, uſurp'd the ga[illegible] LAW.
A Book ſhe held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, whence ſeem'd to riſe
Joy in her breaſt; a Book, of might
Moſt wonderful, which black to wh[illegible]
Could turn, and without help of [illegible]
Could make the worſe the better cauſe.
She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
She wiſh'd, and what ſhe wiſh'd, believ'd,
To make that Book for ever ſtand
The rule of wrong through all the land;

On

On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was MAGNA CHARTA wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter leſſon, N——'s CREED.
Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
Faſt as the courſers of the Sun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-ſtarv'd Greyhounds took their ſtand.
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a moſt antient Caſtle ſtood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And Soldiers [redacted] the watch kept guard;
In the front, [redacted], in black
Was wrote, The TOW'R, but on the back,
Mark'd with a Secretary's ſeal,
In bloody Letters, The BASTILE.

[redacted]nd a Table, fully bent
On miſchief of moſt black intent
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer laſt, to work the bane
Of one firm Patriot, whoſe heart, tied
To Honour, all their pow'r defied,

And

And brought thoſe actions into light
They wiſh'd to have conceal'd in Night.
Begot, Born, Bred to infamy,
A Privy-Council ſat of THREE;
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour thro' the land of BUTE.

The FIRST (entitled to the place
Of Honour both by Gown and Grace,
Who never let occaſion ſlip
To take right hand of fellowſhip,
And was ſo proud, that ſhould he meet
The twelve Apoſtles in the ſtreet
He'd turn his noſe up at them all,
And ſhove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was ſo mean (Meanneſs and Pride
Still go together ſide by ſide)
That he would cringe, and creep, to
And hold a ſtirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind;
Who baſely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For *Patrons* firſt, then for a *Wife*,

Wrote

Wrote *Dedications* which muſt make
The heart of ev'ry Chriſtian quake;
Made one Man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and drawn by Pride,
Shifted about to t'other ſide)
Was by his ſire a Parſon made,
Merely to give the Boy a trade;
But he himſelf was thereto drawn
By ſome faint omens of the Lawn,
And on the truly Chriſtian plan
To make himſelf a Gentleman,
A title, in form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when ſhe made him.

The Oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But [illegible]em, as all wiſe men do,
V[illegible] intent, if things ſhould turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn.
Goſpel and Loyalty were made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade;
Religion's are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wiſe,

Such

Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, juſt like a glove;
All Gods, all Kings (let his great aim
Be anſwer'd) were to him the ſame.

A Curate firſt, he read and read,
And laid in, whilſt he ſhould have fed
The ſouls of his neglected flock,
Of reading ſuch a mighty ſtock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
With more than ſhe could well contain,
More than ſhe was with Spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to Thought,
And which, like ill-digeſted food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plow
And Pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
And was the Poet's Paraſite.
With Wits converſing (and Wits then
Were to be found 'mongſt Noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught the flame,
And would be nothing, or the ſame;

He drank with Drunkards, liv'd with Sinners,
Herded with Infidels for dinners;
With ſuch an Emphaſis and Grace
Blaſphem'd, that POTTER kept not pace;
He, in the higheſt reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdry ſongs to a Pſalm Tune,
Liv'd with Men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his ſalvation for a ſmile,
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with Man,
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.

To prove his Faith, which all admit
Is at leaſt equal to his Wit,
And make himſelf a Man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So[illegible] wrote, and long about it,
That e'en Believers 'gan to doubt it;
He wrote too of the Inward Light,
Tho' no one knew how he came by't,
And of that influencing Grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place;

He

He wrote too of the Holy Ghoſt,
Of whom, no more than doth a poſt
He knew, nor, ſhould an Angel ſhew him,
Would He or know, or chuſe to know him.

Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry Science
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, t'advance his Maker's praiſe,
Comments on rhimes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-ſufficient air
Plac'd himſelf in the Critic's chair,
Uſurp'd o'er Reaſon full dominion
And govern'd merely by opin
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain ſimple Man of Law,
He arm'd dead Friends, to Vengeance true,
T'abuſe the Man they never knew.

Examine ſtrictly all mankind,
Moſt Characters are mix'd we find,
And Vice and Virtue take their turn
In the ſame breaſt to beat and burn.
Our Prieſt was an exception here,
Nor did one ſpark of Grace appear,

Not one dull, dim ſpark in his ſoul;
Vice, glorious Vice poſſeſs'd the whole,
And, in her ſervice truly warm,
He was in ſin moſt uniform.

Injurious *Satire*, 'own at leaſt
One ſniveling Virtue in the Prieſt,
One ſniveling Virtue which is plac'd,
They ſay, in or about the waiſt,
Call'd CHASTITY; the Prudiſh Dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this hi[illegible] Wife (and in theſe days
Wives fel[illegible]ithout reaſon praiſe)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And ſwears that TOM was vaſtly wild.

[illegible]n'd by a long courſe of years,
H[illegible]eat and perfect now appears:
In Shape ſcarce of the human kind;
A Man, without a manly mind;
No huſband; tho' he's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
No Father; injur'd, without end
A Foe; and, tho' oblig'd, no Friend;

A Heart,

A Heart, which Virtue ne'er diſgrac'd;
A Head, where Learning runs to waſte;
A Gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Reſts in the article of reading;
A Man of this World, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A Judge of Genius, tho' confeſt
With not one ſpark of Genius bleſt;
Amongſt the firſt of Critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of Taſte;
A Chriſtian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongſt Turks;
A great Divine, as Lords agree,
Without the leaſt Divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Enflam'd with Church and Party-rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A falſe Saint, and true Hypocrite.

Next ſat a *Lawyer*, often try'd
In perilous extremes; when Pride
And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, ſtood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;

This bold, bad Man aroſe to view,
And gave his hand to help them through,
Steel'd 'gainſt Compaſſion, as they paſt,
He ſaw poor Freedom breathe her laſt,
He ſaw her ſtruggle, heard her groan,
He ſaw her helpleſs and alone,
Whelm'd in that ſtorm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By ſlaves leſs bold, himſelf had rais'd.

Bred to the Law, he from the firſt
Of all bad Lawyers was the worſt.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime,
He, for a Prodigy deſign'd
To ſpread amazement o'er mankind,
S[illegible]ea full ripen'd all at once
A Thapeſt Knave, and Perfect Dunce.

Who will for him may boaſt of Senſe,
His better guard is Impudence.
His front, with ten-fold plates of braſs
Secur'd, SHAME never yet could paſs,

Nor

Nor on the ſurface of his ſkin,
Bluſh for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often, in contempt of Laws,
To ſound the bottom of a cauſe,
To ſearch out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on falſe pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of truſting Fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, e'en in open Court,
Hath the wretch made his ſhame his ſport,
And laugh'd off, with a V[illain]'s aſe,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?
Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
Had ſtruck a little Villain dead.

Cauſes, whatever their import,
He undertakes, to ſerve a Court;
For he by heart this rule had got,
Pow'r can effect, what Law cannot.

Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,

His weak ſoul ſickens at the ſight,
And ſtrives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, ſo very loud,
He is an Angel with the crowd,
Whilſt he makes Juſtice hang her head,
And Judges turn from pale to red.

Bid all that Nature, on a plan
Moſt intimate, makes dear to Man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the Fool and Wiſe,
Knock at h[illegible], They knock in vain,
No entrance there ſuch Suitors gain.
Bid kneeling Kings forſake the throne;
Bid at his feet his Country groan;
Bid Liberty ſtretch out her hands;
Rel[illegible]plead her ſtronger bands;
Bi[illegible]rents, Children, Wife, and Friends;
If they come thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all.

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak Conſcience with her line Chalk

Chalk out their ways; ſuch ſtarving rules
Are only fit for coward fools,
Fellows who credit what Prieſts tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of Hell;
His Spirit dares contend with Grace,
And meets Damnation face and face.

Such was our *Lawyer*; by his ſide
In all bad qualities allied,
In all bad Counſels, ſat a *Third*,
By birth a Lord; O ſacred word!
O word moſt ſacred, whence Men get
A Priviledge to run in debt;
Whence They at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her ſervant Shame;
Whence They, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her courſe.

Conſult his perſon, dreſs, and air,
He ſeems, which ſtrangers well might ſwear,
The Maſter, or by *Courteſy*,
The Captain of a Colliery.
Look at his viſage, and agree
Half-Hang'd he ſeems, juſt from the Tree
Eſcap'd;

Eſcap'd; a Rope may ſometimes break,
Or Men be cut down by miſtake.

He hath not Virtue, (in the ſchool
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he Senſe (which none can doubt
Who know the Man) to live without.
His life is a continu'd ſcene
Of all that's infamous and mean;
He knows not change, unleſs grown nice
And delicate from vice to vice;
Nature, deſign'd him, in a rage,
To be the [illegible] of his age,
But, having giv'n all the Sin,
Forgot to put the Virtues in.
To run a horſe, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To [illegible]ck a tott'ring watchman down,
To [illegible]weat a woman of the Town,
By fits to keep the Peace, or break it,
In turn to give a Pox, or take it,
He is, in faith, moſt excellent,
And in the Word's moſt full intent,
A true Choice Spirit we admit;
With Wits a Fool, with Fools a Wit; Hear

Hear him but talk, and You would ſwear
OBSCENITY herſelf was there;
And that PROPHANESS had made choice,
By way of Trump, to uſe his Voice;
That, in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at *Billingſgate*,
And that, aſcending to the earth
Before the ſeaſon of his birth,
BLASPHEMY, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his Mother's womb;
Too honeſt (for the worſt of men
In forms are honeſt now and then)
Not to have, in the uſual ſtyle,
His Bills ſent in; Too great, to pay;
Too proud, to ſpeak to, if he meets,
The honeſt Tradeſman whom he cheats;
Too infamous to have a friend,
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or Good to name; beneath whoſe weig[illegible]
Earth groans; who hath been ſpar'd by Fate
Only to ſhew, on Mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with Man.

Such

Such were the THREE, who, mocking ſleep,
At Midnight ſat, in Counſel deep,
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a head,
Whoſe Wiſdom could not be miſled;
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a heart,
Which ne'er from honour would depart.

" Is He not rank'd amongſt our foes?
" Hath not his Spirit dar'd oppoſe.
" Our deareſt meaſures, made our name
" Stand forward on the roll of Shame?
" Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
" By ſcorning [illegible]aces and bribes,
" And proving, that his darling cauſe,
" Is of their Liberties and Laws
" To ſtand the Champion? in a word,
" Nor need one argument be heard,
" Bo[illegible] this, to awake our zeal,
" To quicken our reſolves, and ſteel
" Our ſteady ſouls to bloody bent,
" (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
" Each flatt'ring hope) He, without fear,
" Hath dar'd to make the *Truth* appear."

They

They ſaid, and, by reſentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought,
Each, bent on miſchief, rack'd his brain
To her full ſtretch, but rack'd in vain;
Scheme after Scheme they brought to view;
All were examined, none would do.
When FRAUD, with pleaſure in her face,
Forth iſſued from her hiding place,
And at the table where they meet,
Firſt having bleſt them, took her ſeat.
" No trifling cauſe, my darling Boys,
" Your preſent thoughts and cares employs;
" No common ſnare, no random blow
" Can work the bane of ſuch a Foe,
" By Nature cautious as he's brave,
" To *Honour* only he's a ſlave;
" In that weak part without defence,
" We muſt to *Honour* make pretence;
" That Lure ſhall to his ruin draw
" The Wretch, who ſtands ſecure in Law.
" Nor think that I have idly plann'd
" This full-ripe ſcheme; behold at hand,
" With three months training on his head,
" An Inſtrument, whom I have bred,

" Born

" Born of theſe bowels, far from ſight
" Of Virtue's falſe, but glaring Light,
" My youngeſt Born, my deareſt Joy,
" Moſt like myſelf, my darling Boy.
" He, never touch'd with vile remorſe,
" Reſolv'd and crafty in his courſe,
" Shall work our ends, complete our ſchemes,
" Moſt *Mine*, when moſt he *Honour*'s ſeems;
" Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
" So firm and full a ſlave of FRAUD."

She ſaid, and from each envious Son
A diſcontented murmur run
Around the Table; All in place
Thought his full praiſe their own diſgrace,
Wond'ring what Stranger She had got,
Who had one vice that they had not.
Whe[illegible]trait the portals open flew,
And, clad in armour, to their view
M——, the *Duelliſt*, came forth;
All knew, and all confeſt his worth,
All juſtified, with ſmiles array'd,
The happy choice their Dam had made.

THE END.

GOTHAM.

BOOK I.

GOTHAM.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether *Eaſt* or *Weſt*,
A real Country, or one made in jeſt)
Nor yet by modern MANDEVILLES diſgrac'd,
Nor by *Map-jobbers* wretchedly miſplac'd,
There lies an *Iſland*, neither great nor ſmall,
Which, for diſtinction ſake, I GOTHAM call.

The Man, who finds an unknown Country out,
By giving it a name, acquires, no doubt,

A Goſpel title, tho' the people there
The pious Chriſtian thinks not worth his care.
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of EUROPE to the *Weſtern World.*,

Caſt by a tempeſt on the ſavage coaſt,
Some roving Buccaneer ſet up a Poſt;
A Beam, in proper form tranſverſely laid,
Of his Redeemer's Croſs the figure made,
Of that Redeemer, with whoſe laws his life,
From firſt to laſt, had been one ſcene of ſtrife;
His royal maſter's name thereon engrav'd,
Without more proceſs, the whole race enſlav'd,
Cut off that Charter they from Nature drew,
And made them Slaves to men they never knew.

Search antient hiſtories, conſult records,
Under [illegible] title the moſt Chriſtian Lords
Hold (thanks to Conſcience) more than half the Ball;
O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
For never yet might any Monarch dare,
Who liv'd to Truth, and breath'd a Chriſtian air,
Pretend that Chriſt, (who came, we all agree,
To bleſs his people, and to ſet them free)

To

To make a Convert ever one law gave,
By which Converters made him firſt a ſlave.

Spite of the gloſſes of a canting Prieſt,
Who talks of Charity, but means a feaſt,
Who recommends it (whilſt he ſeems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them heaven, whom they have robb'd of earth,
Never ſhall One, One truly honeſt man,
Who, bleſt with LIBERTY, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment, that a Savage Sire
Could from his wretched race, for childiſh hire,
By a wild grant, their All, their Freedom paſs,
And ſell his Country for a bit of glaſs.

Or grant this barb'rous right, Let SPAIN and FRANCE,
In Slav'ry bred, as purchaſers advance,
Let them, whilſt Conſcience is at diſtance hurl'd,
With ſome gay bawble buy a golden world;
An ENGLISHMAN, in *charter'd* FREEDOM born,
Shall ſpurn the ſlaviſh merchandize, ſhall ſcorn
To take from others, thro' baſe private views,
What he himſelf would rather die, than loſe.

Happy the Savage of thoſe *early* times
Ere EUROPE's ſons were known, and EUROPE's crimes!
Gold, curſed Gold! ſlept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its miſchiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full Content he found the trueſt wealth;
In Toil he found Diverſion, Food, and Health;
Stranger to eaſe and luxury of Courts,
His Sports were Labours, and his Labours Sports;
His Youth was hardy, and his Old-Age green;
Life's Morn was vig'rous, and her Eve ſerene;
No rules he held, but what were made for uſe;
No Arts he learn'd, but Skills which Arts produce;
Falſe Lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy *now* the Savage race,
Since EUROPE took their *Gold*, and gave them *Grace!*
Paſtors ſhe ſends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
And on ſure grounds the Goſpel Pile to rear,
Sends *Miſſionary* Felons ev'ry Year;
Our Vices, with more Zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs;

Her

Her rank Oppreſſions give them cauſe to riſe,
Her want of Prudence means, and arms ſupplies,
Whilſt her brave rage, not ſatisfied with life,
Riſing in blood, adopts the *Scalping-Knife*;
Knowledge ſhe gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their State, how deep their Woe;
The worth of Freedom ſtrongly ſhe explains,
Whilſt ſhe bows down, and loads their necks with Chains;
Faith too ſhe plants, for her own ends impreſt,
To make them bear the worſt, and hope the beſt;
And whilſt ſhe teaches on vile int'reſt's plan,
As laws of God, the wild decrees of Man,
Like PHARISEES, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the Sons of Hell.

But whither do theſe grave reflections tend?
Are they deſign'd for any, or no end?
Briefly but this---to prove, that by no act
Which nature made, that by no equal pact
'Twixt Man and Man, which might, if Juſtice heard,
Stand good, that by no benefits conferr'd
Or purchaſe made, EUROPE in chains can hold
The Sons of INDIA, and her mines of gold.

 46663 Chance

Chance led her there in an accurſed hour,
She ſaw, and made the Country her's by pow'r;
Nor drawn by Virtue's Love from Love of Fame,
Shall my raſh folly controvert the claim,
Or wiſh in thought that title overthrown,
Which coincides with, and involves my own.

EUROPE diſcover'd INDIA firſt; I found
My right to GOTHAM on the ſelf-ſame ground;
I firſt diſcover'd it, nor ſhall that plea
To Her be granted, and denied to Me.
I plead Poſſeſſion, and will one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that Poſſeſſion hold.
With EUROPE's rights my kindred rights I twine;
Hers be the WESTERN World, be GOTHAM *Mine*.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice!
The voice of Gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and ſhall not GOTHAM ſing?

As

As on a Day, a high and holy Day,
Let ev'ry inſtrument of Muſic play,
Antient and *Modern*; Thoſe which drew their birth
(Punctilio's laid aſide) from *Pagan* earth,
As well as thoſe by *Chriſtian* made and *Jew*;
Thoſe known to many, and thoſe known to few;
Thoſe which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And thoſe which ſwell the flow and ſolemn note;
Thoſe which (whilſt Reaſon ſtands in wonder by)
Make ſome *complexions* laugh and others cry;
Thoſe which by ſome ſtrange faculty of ſound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;
Thoſe which can tear up foreſts by the roots,
And make brutes dance like Men, and Men like brutes;
Thoſe which whilſt RIDICULE leads up the dance,
Make Clowns of MONMOUTH ape the Fops of FRANCE;
Thoſe which, where *Lady* DULLNESS with *Lord* MAYORS
Preſides, diſdaining light and trifling airs,
Hallow the feaſt with *Pſalmody*, and Thoſe,
Which, planted in our Churches to diſpoſe
And lift the mind to Heaven, are diſgrac'd
With what a foppiſh Organiſt calls *Taſte*.
All, from the Fiddle (on which ev'ry Fool,
The pert Son of dull Sire, diſcharg'd from School,

Serves an apprenticeſhip in College eaſe,
And riſes thro' the *Gamut* to degrees)
To Thoſe which (tho' leſs common, not leſs ſweet)
From fam'd *Saint Giles*'s, and more fam'd *Vine-Street*,
(Where Heav'n, the utmoſt wiſh of man to grant,
Gave me an old Houſe, and an older Aunt)
THORNTON, whilſt HUMOUR pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode;
All Inſtruments (attend ye liſt'ning Spheres,
Attend ye Sons of Men, and hear with ears)
All Inſtruments (nor ſhall they ſeek one Hand
Impreſt from *modern* MUSIC's *coxcomb* band)
All Inſtruments, *ſelected*, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet ſweet, to the according globe,
My praiſes, whilſt *gay* NATURE, in a robe,
A *Coxcomb Doctor's robe*, to the full ſound
Keeps time, like BOYCE, and the World dances round.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice!
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on every tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,

The

The Praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and ſhall not GOTHAM ſing?

INFANCY, ſtraining backward from the breaſt,
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth beſt
Refuſing in his fits, whilſt all the while
The Mother eyes the wrangler with a ſmile,
And the fond Father ſits on t'other ſide,
Laughs at his moods, and views his ſpleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilſt at his hand
Nurſe ſtands interpreter, thro' GOTHAM's land.

CHILDHOOD, who, like an *April* morn, appears,
Sunſhine and Rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd by ſtarts, in paſſion warm,
In Reaſon weak, who, wrought into a ſtorm,
Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
Soon ſpends his rage, and cries himſelf aſleep,
Who, with a fev'riſh appetite oppreſs'd,
For trifles ſighs, but hates them when poſſeſs'd,
His trembling laſh ſuſpended in the air,
Half-bent, and ſtroaking back his long, lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his Top go down to prate of Me.

YOUTH

YOUTH, who fierce, fickle, inſolent, and vain,
Impatient urges on to MANHOOD's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a caſt,
Of dear regard, looks back on CHILDHOOD paſt,
In the *mid-chaſe*, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick ſpirits mount into his eye,
When Pleaſure, which he deems his greateſt wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health,
When the chaf'd Steed tugs proudly at the rein,
And, ere he ſtarts, hath run o'er half the plain,
When, wing'd with fear, the ſtag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds purſue,
Shall ſhout my praiſe, hills which ſhout again,
And e'en the *Huntſman* ſtop to cry *Amen*.

MANHOOD, of form erect, who would not bow
Tho' Worlds ſhould crack around him; on his brow
WISDOM ſerene, to Paſſion giving law,
Beſpeaking Love, and yet commanding Awe;
DIGNITY into Grace by Mildneſs wrought;
COURAGE attemper'd and refin'd by Thought;
VIRTUE ſupreme enthron'd; within his breaſt
The Image of his Maker deep impreſs'd;

Lord

Lord of this Earth, which trembles at his Nod,
With Reaſon bleſs'd, and only leſs than God;
MANHOOD, tho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Tho' Honour calls in Danger's form array'd,
Tho' cloath'd with ſackcloth, Juſtice in the gates,
By wicked Elders chain'd, Redemption waits,
MANHOOD ſhall ſteal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little one?) to hail My pow'r.

OLD-AGE, a *ſecond Child*, by Nature curs'd,
With more and greater evils than the firſt,
Weak, ſickly, full of pains; [illegible]ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with ſage and ſolemn air,
From day to day, without one day to ſpare;
Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
Tireſome to friends, and tireſome to himſelf;
His faculties impair'd, his temper ſour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
E'en with the acting, on his ſhatter'd brain,
Tho' the falſe Regiſters of Youth remain;
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praiſe
Of thoſe rare men, who liv'd in thoſe rare days,

When

When He, the Hero of his tale, was Young,
Dull Repetitions falt'ring on his tongue,
Praiſing gray hairs, ſure mark of Wiſdom's ſway,
E'en whilſt he curſes time which made him gray,
Scoffing at Youth, e'en whilſt he would afford
All, but his gold, to have his Youth reſtor'd,
Shall for a moment, from himſelf ſet free,
Lean on his Crutch, and pipe forth praiſe to Me.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, sound on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and ſhall not GOTHAM ſing?

Things without life ſhall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in Mine.

The *Snow-drop*, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the *Herald* of fair FLORA's train;
The Coxcomb *Crocus*, flow'r of ſimple note,
Who by her ſide ſtruts in a *Herald*'s coat;

The

The *Tulip*, idly glaring to the view,
Who, tho' no Clown, his birth from Holland drew,
Who; once full dreſs'd, fears from his place to ſtir,
The fop of flow'rs, the MORE of a Parterre;
The *Wood-bine*, who her *Elm* in marriage meets,
And brings her dow'ry in ſurrounding ſweets;
The *Lilly*, ſilver Miſtreſs of the vale,
The *Roſe* of SHARON which perfumes the gale;
The *Jeſſamine*, with which the Queen of flow'rs
To charm her God adorns his fav'rite Bow'rs,
Which Brides, by the plain hand of neatneſs dreſt,
Unenvied rival, wear upon the breaſt,
Sweet as the incenſe of the Morn, and chaſte
As the pure zone, which circles DIAN'S waiſt!
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the Sun into ſtrength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf *Daiſy*, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it ſprings,
To the proud Giant of the garden-race,
Who, madly ruſhing to the Sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aſpiring aim,
Demands his wedded Love, and bears his name;
All, One and All, ſhall in in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in Mine.

Rejeice,

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on every tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and ſhall not GOTHAM ſing?

Forming a gloom, thro' which to ſpleen-ſtruck minds
Religion, horror-ſtamp'd, a paſſage finds,
The *Ivy* crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
Where ſome old Hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the *Myrtle* ever-green,
Beneath whoſe ſhade Love holds his rights unſeen;
The *Willow* weeping o'er the fatal wave,
Where many a Lover finds a watry grave;
The *Cypreſs* ſacred held, when Lovers mourn
Their true Love ſnatch'd away; the *Laurel* worn
By Poets in old time, but deſtin'd now
In grief to wither on a WHITEHEAD'S brow;
The *Fig*, which, large as what in India grows,
Itſelf a Grove, gave our firſt Parents cloaths;
The *Vine*, which, like a bluſhing new-made Bride,
Cluſt'ring, empurples all the Mountain's ſide;

The

The *Yew*, which, in the place of ſculptur'd ſtone,
Marks out the reſting-place of men unknown;
The hedge-row *Elm*, the *Pine* of mountain race;
The *Fir*, the Scotch *Fir*, never out of place;
The *Cedar*, whoſe top mates the higheſt cloud,
Whilſt his old Father LEBANON grows proud
Of ſuch a child, and his vaſt Body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial ſhade;
The *Oak*, when living, monarch of the wood;
The ENGLISH *Oak*, which, dead, commands the flood;
All, One and All, ſhall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe be found in Mine.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and ſhall not GOTHAM ſing?

The *Show'rs* which make the young hills, like young Lambs,
Bound and rebound, the old Hills, like old Rams,

Unweildy, jump for joy; the *Streams*, which glide,
Whilſt PLENTY marches ſmiling by their ſide,
And from their boſom riſing COMMERCE ſprings;
The *Winds* which riſe with healing on their wings,
Before whoſe cleanſing breath Contagion flies;
The *Sun*, who, travelling in Eaſtern ſkies,
Freſh, full of ſtrength, juſt riſen from his bed,
Tho' in JOVE's paſture's they were born and bred,
With voice and whip, can ſcarce make his ſteeds ſtir,
Step by Step, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of Eve, panting for reſt,
Rolls on amain, and [illegible]ps down the Weſt,
As faſt as JEHU, oil'd for AHAB's ſin,
Drove for a crown, or *Poſt-Boys* for an Inn;
The *Moon*, who holds o'er night her ſilver reign,
Regent of tides, and Miſtreſs of the Brain,
Who to her Sons, thoſe Sons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madneſs as a bleſſing, but diſpenſes
Wiſdom to fools, and damns them with their Senſes;
The *Stars*, who, by I know not what ſtrange right,
Preſide o'er mortals in their own deſpite,
Who without Reaſon govern thoſe, who moſt
(How truly, judge from thence!) of Reaſon boaſt,

And,

And, by ſome mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, One and All, ſhall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and ſhall not GOTHAM ſing?

The *Moment*, *Minute*, *Hour*, *Day*, *Week*, *Month*, *Year*,
Morning and *Eve*, as they in turn appear;
Moments and *Minutes* which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or, if omitted, (proof we muſt afford)
Worthy by Parliaments to be reſtor'd;
The *Hours*, which dreſt by turns in black and white,
Ordain'd as Handmaids, wait on Day and Night;
The *Day*, thoſe hours I mean, when Light preſides,
And BUSINESS in a Cart with PRUDENCE rides;
The *Night*, thoſe hours I mean, with Darkneſs hung,
When Senſe ſpeaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;

The *Morn*, when Nature, rouſing from her ſtrife
With death-like ſleep, awakes to ſecond life;
The *Eve*, when, as unequal to the taſk,
She mercy from her foe deſcends to aſk;
The *Week*, in which ſix days are kindly given
To think of Earth, and One to think of Heaven;
The *Months*, twelve Siſters all of different hue,
Tho' there appears in all a likeneſs too,
Not ſuch a likeneſs, as, thro' HAYMAN's works,
Dull Manneriſt, in Chriſtians, Jews, and Turks,
Cloys with a ſameneſs in each female face,
But a ſtrange S[illegible], born of Art and Grace,
Which ſpeaks them [illegible], to vary and adorn,
At diff'rent times of the ſame Parents born;
All, One and All, ſhall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and ſhall not GOTHAM ſing?

Frore JANUARY, leader of the year,
Minc'd-pies in van, and *Calves-heads* in the rear;
Dull FEBRUARY, in whoſe leaden reign,
My Mother bore a Bard without a brain;
MARCH various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,
By wilder Welch-men led, and crown'd with leeks!
APRIL with Fools, and MAY with Baſtards bleſt;
JUNE with White Roſes on her rebel breaſt;
JULY, to whom, the Dog-Star in her train,
Saint JAMES gives oyſters, and *Saint* SWITHEN rain;
AUGUST, who, baniſh'd from her *Smithfield* ſtand,
To *Chelſea* flies, with DOGGET in her hand;
SEPTEMBER, when by Cuſtom (O divine)
Geeſe are ordain'd to bleed at MICHAEL's ſhrine,
Whilſt the Prieſt, not ſo full of grace as wit,
Falls to, unbleſs'd, nor gives the Saint a bit;
OCTOBER, who the cauſe of FREEDOM join'd,
And gave a *ſecond* GEORGE to bleſs mankind;
NOVEMBER, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint ANDREW boaſts, and our AUGUSTA's birth;
DECEMBER, laſt of Months, but beſt, who gave
A CHRIST to Man, a Saviour to the Slave,
Whilſt, falſely grateful, Man, at the full feaſt,
To do God honour, makes himſelf a beaſt;

All, One and All, ſhall in this Chorus join,
And dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on every tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The Praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and ſhall not GOTHAM ſing?

The *Seaſons* as they roll; SPRING, by her ſide
Letch'ry and *Lent*, [illegible] *Folly*, and *Church-Pride*,
By a rank Monk to [illegible]pulation led,
A tub of *ſainted Salt-Fiſh* on her head;
SUMMER, in light, tranſparent Gawze array'd,
Like Maids of Honour, at a Maſquerade,
In bawdry Gawze, for which our daughters leave
The Fig, more modeſt, firſt brought up by EVE,
Panting for breath, enflam'd with luſtful fires,
Yet wanting ſtrength to perfect her deſires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each ſtep, and ſlumbers on his feet;
AUTUMN, when NATURE, who with ſorrow feels
Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,

Makes

Makes up in value what ſhe wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her ſtrength,
Bids Corn and Fruits in full perfection riſe,
Corn fairly Tax'd, and Fruits without Exciſe;
WINTER, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of Fur, ſince Furs became *our own.*
A Hag, who, loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly libels cloath'd,
Vile FACTION at her heels, who mighty grown,
Would rule the Ruler, and *foreclose* the throne,
Would turn all State-affairs into a trade,
Make Laws one day, the next [illegible] Unmade,
Beggar at home a People fear[illegible]broad,
And, force defeated, make them Slaves by Fraud;
All, One and All, ſhall in this Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe be loud in Mine.

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and ſhall not GOTHAM ſing?

The *Year*, Grand Circle, in whoſe ample round
The Seaſons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who, in his courſe repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the ſame things which he had ſeen before.
The ſame *Stars* keep their Watch, and the ſame Sun
Runs in the track where he from firſt hath run;
The ſame Moon rules the night, Tides ebb and flow,
Man is a Puppet, and this World a Show,
Their old dull follies old dull fools purſue,
And Vice in nothing, but in Mode, is new,
He———a Lord (now fair befall that Pride,
He liv'd a Villain, and a Lord he died)
DASHWOOD is *pious*, BERKLEY *fix'd as fate*,
SANDWICH (THANK HEAV'N) firſt Miniſter of State,
And, tho' by *Fools* deſpis'd, by *Saints* unbleſs'd,
By *Friends* neglected, and by *Foes* oppreſs'd,
Scorning the ſervile arts of each *Court-Elf*,
Founded on Honour, WILKES is ſtill *himſelf)*
The *Year*, encircled with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in Chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in Mine.

Rejoice,

Rejoice, ye happy GOTHAMITES, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a might voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall CHURCHILL reign, and ſhall not GOTHAM ſing?

Thus far in Sport---nor let our Critics hence,
Who ſell out monthly traſh, and call it Senſe,
Too lightly of our preſent labours deem,
Or judge at random of ſo high a Theme;
High is our Theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the ſharpeſt ſtroke of [illegible]'s Pen;
But when kind Time a proper ſeaſon brings,
In ſerious mood to treat of ſerious things,
Then ſhall they find, diſdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as They.

Thus far in Sport---nor let half Patriots, (thoſe
Who ſhrink from ev'ry blaſt of Pow'r which blows,
Who, with tame Cowardice familiar grown,
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to ſpeak their own,
Who, leſt bold Truths, to do ſage Prudence ſpite
Should burſt the Portals of their lips by night,

Tremble to truſt themſelves one hour in ſleep,)
Condemn our courſe, and hold our caution cheap.
When brave Occaſion bids, for ſome great end
When Honour calls the Poet as a Friend,
Then ſhall They find, that, e'en on danger's brink,
He dares to Speak, what They ſcarce dare to Think.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

GOTHAM.

BOOK II.

GOTHAM.

BOOK II.

HOW much miſtaken are the men, who think
That all who will, without reſtraint, may drink,
May largely drink, e'en 'till their bowels burſt,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirſt,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beſide whoſe ſtreams the Muses love to dwell!
Verſe is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy

May

May play untaught, whilſt, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, Muſick comes of courſe.

Little do ſuch men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digeſt,
To cull fit phraſes, and reject the reſt,
To know the times when HUMOUR, on the cheek
Of MIRTH may hold her ſports, when WIT ſhould ſpeak,
And when be ſilent; when to uſe the pow'rs
Of Ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they never g[illegible]audry glare,
Nor waſte their ſweetneſs in the deſart air;
To form (which few can do, and ſcarcely one,
One Critick in an age can find, when done)
To form a plan, to ſtrike a grand Outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture ſhine
A full, and perfect piece; to make coy rime
Renounce her follies, and with ſenſe keep time,
To make proud ſenſe againſt her nature bend,
And wear the chains of rime, yet call her friend.

Some Fops there are, among the Scribbling tribe,
Who make it all their buſineſs to *deſcribe*,

No

No matter whether in, out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as Coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull *Propriety* in State preſide
O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide,
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of thoſe tame drudges, *Judgement*, *Taſte*, and *Senſe*,
Nor would forgive herſelf the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with *Perſon*, *Place*, and *Time*.

Let *liquid* Gold emblaze the [illegible] at noon,
With *borrow'd* beams let ſilver *pale* the Moon,
Let ſurges *hoarſe* laſh the reſounding ſhore,
Let ſtreams *Mæander*, and let torrents *roar*,
Let them breed up the *melancholy* breeze
To *ſigh with ſighing*, *ſob with ſobbing trees*,
Let Vales *embroid'ry* wear, *let* Flow'rs be *ting'd*
With various *tints*, let Clouds be *lac'd* or *fring'd*,
They have their with; like idle monarch Boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they ſigh for toys;
Give them the crown, the ſceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.

Others

Others there are, who, in one ſolemn pace,
With as much zeal, as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful Ornament, depend
On Senſe to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid) their courſe delay,
Nor for a moment ſtep out of the way,
To make the barren road thoſe graces wear,
Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.

Vain Men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan
Ne'er find a paſſage to the heart of man;
Who, bred 'mongſt fools in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not underſtand;
Who, deſtitute of Humour, Wit, and Taſte,
Let all their little knowledge run to waſte,
And fruſtrate each good purpoſe, whilſt they wear
The robes of Learning with a ſlov'n's air.
Tho' ſolid Reas'ning arms each ſterling line,
Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
Vice, whilſt from page to page dull Morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls aſleep.

Senſe, *mere*, *dull*, *formal* Senſe, in this gay town
Muſt have ſome vehicle to paſs her down,

Nor

Nor can ſhe for an hour enſure her reign,
Unleſs ſhe brings fair Pleaſure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave ſolemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, thro' the ſtreets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one ſhe meets,
Half who paſs by are deaf, and t'other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver Sons of letter'd Pride,
Taking for once Experience as a guide,
Quit this grand Errour, this dull *College* mode;
Be your purſuits the ſame, but change the road;
Write, or at leaſt appear to write with eaſe,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to pleaſe.

In vain for ſuch miſtakes they pardon claim,
Becauſe they wield the pen in Virtue's name.
Thrice ſacred is that Name, thrice bleſs'd the Man
Who thinks, ſpeaks, writes, and lives on ſuch a plan!
This, in himſelf, himſelf of courſe muſt bleſs,
But cannot with the world promote ſucceſs.
He may be ſtrong, but, with effect to ſpeak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak;

Plain,

Plain, rigid Truths, which Saints with comfort bear,
Will make the Sinner tremble, and deſpair.
True Virtue acts from Love, and the great end,
At which ſhe nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do thoſe miſtake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cauſe
They mean to help, whilſt with a zealot rage
They make that Goddeſs, whom they'd have engage
Our deareſt Love, in hideous terrour riſe!
Such may be honeſt, but they can't be wiſe.

In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too ſtrong for human ſight:
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker ſenſe,
Shuts herſelf up in darkneſs for defence.
But, to make ſtrong conviction deeper ſink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtleſs think,
Like God made Man, ſhe lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the raviſh'd eye.
In earneſt moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems in jeſt,
She worms into, and winds around the breaſt,
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And ſeems unlike herſelf to gain her end.

The Sons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To hush the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant Conſcience in deluſive ſleep,
Read on at random, nor ſuſpect the dart
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
'Gainſt Vice they give their vote, nor know at firſt
That, curſing that, themſelves too they have curs'd,
They ſee not, 'till they fall into the ſnares,
Deluded into Virtue unawares.
Thus the ſhrewd doctor, in the ſpleen-ſtruck mind
When pregnant horrour ſits, and broods o'er wind,
Diſcarding drugs, and ſtriving how to pleaſe,
Lures on inſenſibly, by ſlow degrees,
The patient to thoſe manly ſports, which bind
The ſlacken'd ſinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by ſtealth,
And wonders on demand to find it Health.

Some Few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rimes
In other lands, and *here* in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the *Midwife* Muse
Sprinkled all over with Caſtalian dews,

To whom true GENIUS gave his magic pen,
Whom ART by juſt degrees led up to men,
Some few, extremes well-ſhunn'd, have ſteer'd between
Theſe dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean.
SENSE in their works maintains her proper ſtate,
But never ſleeps, or labours with her weight;
GRACE makes the whole look elegant, and gay,
But never dares from SENSE to run aſtray.
So nice the Maſter's touch, ſo great his care,
The Colours boldly glow, not idly glare.
Mutually giving, and receiving aid,
They ſet each other off, like light and ſhade,
And, as by ſtealth, with ſo much ſoftneſs blend,
'Tis hard to ſay, where they begin, or end.
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
SENSE perfects GRACE, and GRACE enlivens SENSE.

Peace to the Men, who theſe high honours claim,
Health to their ſouls, and to their mem'ries fame:
Be it my taſk, and no mean taſk, to teach
A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach;
Let me at diſtance, with a ſteady eye,
Obſerve, and mark their paſſage to the ſky,

From

From envy free, applaud ſuch riſing worth,
And praiſe their heav'n, tho' pinion'd down to earth.

Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilſt ſpirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a ſin 'gainſt Pleaſure, to deſign
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finiſh, and make ev'ry grace,
In itſelf charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of Books, and little known of Men,
When the mad fit comes on, I ſeize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts ſet down,
Rough as they run, diſcharge them on the Town.
Hence rude, unfiniſh'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of rime,
And the poor *ſlattern* MUSE is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulſes play
Through the dull, dubious maſs, no breath makes way;
Doubt, greatly doubt, 'till for a glaſs they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all.
Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,

Doubt, as the Sex might well a midwife poſe,
Whether they ſhould baptize it, Verſe or Proſe.

E'en what my maſters pleaſe; Bards, mild, meek men,
In love to Critics ſtumble now and then.
Something I do myſelf, and ſomething too;
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the ſmall compaſs of my careleſs page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed, where MASON can feed one.

When SATIRE ſtoops, unmindful of her ſtate,
To praiſe the man I love, curſe him I hate;
When SENSE, in tides of paſſion borne along,
Sinking to proſe, degrades the name of ſong;
The Cenſor ſmiles, and, whilſt my credit bleeds,
With as high reliſh on the carrion feeds
As the *proud* EARL fed at a Turtle feaſt,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worſe than beaſt,
Eat, 'till his bowels guſh'd upon the floor,
Yet ſtill eat on, and dying call'd for more.

When *looſe* DIGRESSION, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning *Connection*, and her formal yoke,

Bounds

Bounds thro' the foreſt, wanders far aſtray
From the known path, and loves to loſe her way,
'Tis a full feaſt to all the mongril pack
To run the rambler down, and bring her back.

When *gay* DESCRIPTION, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleaſure wild,
Waking with Nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heaven's freſh dew,
And, like a Mountain Nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks, ſhe not one mark imprints,
Nor bruſhes off the dews, nor ſoils the tints;
When thus DESCRIPTION ſports, e'en at the time
That Drums ſhould beat, and Cannons roar in rime,
Critics can live on ſuch a fault as that
From one month to the other, and grow fat.

Ye mighty *Monthly* Judges, in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conſcious of the worth
Of my materials, which againſt your will
Oft You've confeſs'd, and ſhall confeſs it ſtill,
Materials rich, tho' rude, enflam'd with Thought,
Tho' more by Fancy than by Judgment wrought,

Take, uſe them as your own, a work begin,
Which ſuits your Genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the Critic loom, with Critic art,
'Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with Colour mingling, Light with Shade,
To your dull taſte a formal work is made,
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swear it ſurpaſſes ROME, and rivals GREECE.

Nor think this much, for at one ſingle word,
Soon as the mighty Critic *Fiat*'s heard,
SCIENCE attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
ORDER takes place, and GENIUS is dethron'd;
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher buſineſs calls, a greater plan,
Worthy Man's whole employ, the good of Man,
The good of Man committed to my charge;
If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
Careleſs of ſuch a truſt, theſe harmleſs lays
May Friendſhip envy, and may Folly praiſe,
The crown of GOTHAM may ſome SCOT aſſume,
And vagrant STUARTS reign in CHURCHILL's room.

O my

O my poor People, O thou wretched Earth,
To whoſe dear love, tho' not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my ſervice deeply ſworn,
How (by thy Father can that thought be borne,
For Monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only Fathers in the beſt degree)
How muſt thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to ſcorn, thy mighty hand
Be ſhorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confeſs'd,
Bleſs'd in thyſelf, to make thy neighbours bleſs'd,
Be robb'd of vigour, how muſt Freedom's pile,
The boaſt of ages, which adorns the Iſle
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, ſecure from force and fraud,
How muſt that pile, by antient Wiſdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one ſhort moment into ruins fall,
Should any ſlip of STUART's tyrant race
Or baſtard, or legitimate, diſgrace
Thy royal ſeat of Empire! but what care
What ſorrow muſt be mine, what deep deſpair
And ſelf-reproaches, ſhould that hated line
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine!

Curs'd be the cauſe whence GOTHAM's evils ſpring,
Tho' that curs'd cauſe be found in GOTHAM's King.

Let War, with all his needy, ruffian band,
In pomp of horrour, ſtalk thro' GOTHAM's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her ſtately tow'rs
Sink in the duſt; that Court, which now is our's
Become a den, where Beaſts may if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from Man;
Where yellow harveſts riſe, be brambles found;
Where vines now creep, let thiſtles curſe the ground;
Dry in her thouſand Vallies be the Rills;
Barren the Cattle, on her thouſand Hills;
Where Pow'r is plac'd let Tygers prowl for prey;
Where Juſtice lodges, let wild Aſſes bray;
Let Cormorants in Churches make their neſt,
And, on the ſails of Commerce, Bitterns reſt;
Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,
Her Merchants Bankrupts, and her Marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to chuſe, ſee GOTHAM's ruin'd ſtate
By ills on ills, thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to ſee a STUART wear a crown.

Let

Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's hoſt,
Thoſe Servants, who their Maker know, who boaſt
Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
Unqueſtion'd, their great Maſter's ſacred will.
Let raging Winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with deſtruction big, o'er GOTHAM ſweep;
Let Rains ruſh down, 'till Faith with doubtful eye
Looks for the ſign of Mercy in the ſky;
Let Peſtilence in all her horrours riſe;
Where'er I turn, let Famine blaſt my eyes;
Let the Earth yawn, and, e'er They've time to think,
In the deep gulph let all my ſubjects ſink
Before my eyes, whilſt on the verge I reel;
Feeling but as a Monarch ought to feel,
Not for myſelf, but them, I'll kiſs the rod,
And, having own'd the Juſtice of my God,
Myſelf with firmneſs to the ruin give,
And die with thoſe for whom I wiſh'd to live.

This (but may Heaven's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his ſervant with ſuch ills as theſe)
This, or my ſoul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the STUART race my Crown ſhould wear,

That

That Crown, were, highly cheriſh'd, FREEDOM ſhone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day Sun,
Born and bred Slaves, that they, with proud miſrule,
Sould make brave, free-born men, like boys at ſchool,
To the Whip crouch and tremble---O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is e'en to madneſs brought
By the dread viſion, at the mere ſurmiſe
The thronging ſpirits, as in tumult, riſe,
My heart, as for a paſſage, loudly beats,
And, turn me, where I will, diſtraction meets.

O my brave fellows, great in Arts and Arms,
The wonder of the Earth, whom Glory warms
To high Atchievements, can your ſpirits bend
Thro' baſe controul (Ye never can deſcend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let in FREEDOM's ſeat, a STUART reign?
If Fame, who hath for ages far and wide
Spread in all realms, the Cowardice, the Pride,
The Tyranny and Falſehood of thoſe Lords,
Contents you not, ſearch ENGLAND's fair records,
ENGLAND, where firſt the breath of Life I drew,
Where next to GOTHAM, my beſt Love is due.

There-

There once they rul'd, tho' cruſh'd by WILLIAM's hand,
They rul'd no more, to curſe that happy land.

The *Firſt*, who, from his native ſoil remov'd,
Held ENGLAND's ſceptre, a tame Tyrant prov'd.
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with thoſe thoughts which ſpring
In ſouls of vulgar ſtamp, to be a King;
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at Laws,
To play the bold-fac'd Tyrant with applauſe;
On practices moſt mean he rais'd his pride,
And Craft oft gave, what Wiſdom oft denied.

Ne'er could he feel how truly man is bleſt
In bleſſing thoſe around him; in his breaſt,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room;
Mark'd for a Coward in his Mother's Womb,
He was too proud, without affronts to live,
Too timorous to puniſh or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in courſe of time,
By fair deſcent, been his without a crime,
He bore a Mother's exile; to ſecure
A greater crown, he baſely could endure

The

The ſpilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
Nay, by fond fear, and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with thoſe by whom her blood was ſhed.

Call'd up to Pow'r, ſcarce warm on ENGLAND's throne,
He fill'd her Court with beggars from his own,
Turn where you would, the eye with SCOTS was caught,
Or *Engliſh* knaves who would be SCOTSMEN thought.
To vain expence unbounded looſe he gave,
The dupe of Minions, and of ſlaves the ſlave;
On falſe pretences mighty ſums he rais'd,
And damn'd thoſe ſenates rich, whom, poor, he prais'd;
From Empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilſt a Daughter fed,
He laviſh'd ſums, for her receiv'd, on Men
Whoſe names would fix diſhonour on my pen.

Lies were his Play-things, Parliaments his ſport,
Book-worms and Catamites engroſs'd the Court;
Vain of the Scholar, like all SCOTSMEN ſince,
The *Pedant* Scholar, he forgot the Prince,
And, having with ſome trifles ſtor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wiſh'd to learn the arts to reign.

Enough

Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wife, the wonder of the croud;
False Friend, falſe Son, falſe Father, and falſe King,
Falſe Wit, falſe Statesman, and falſe ev'ry thing,
When He ſhould act, he idly choſe to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he ſhould ſave the State.

Religious, if Religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him;
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for Religion ſake but argument;
More vain, if ſome ſly, artful, *High-Dutch* ſlave,
Or, from the *Jeſuit* ſchool, ſome precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to Peace reſtor'd
By his full ſoldierſhip, Worlds hail'd him Lord.

Pow'r was his wiſh, unbounded as his will,
The Pow'r, without controul, of doing ill.
But what he wiſh'd, what he made *Biſhops* preach,
And *Stateſmen* warrant, hung within his reach
He dar'd not ſeize; Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That Freedom to the Realm his will denied.

Of

Of Treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry Treaty, of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe; Peace was his Coward care,
E'en at a time when Juſtice call'd for war;
His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
But, rather than unſheathe the Sword, ſubmit;
TRUTH fairly muſt record, and, pleas'd to live
In league with MERCY, JUSTICE may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and Worlds reſign'd to SPAIN,
But never can forgive a RALEIGH ſlain.

At length (with white let Freedom mark that year)
Not fear'd by thoſe, whom moſt he wiſh'd to fear,
Not lov'd by thoſe, whom moſt he wiſh'd to love,
He went to anſwer for his faults above,
To anſwer to that God, from whom alone
He claim'd to hold, and to abuſe the throne;
Leaving behind, a curſe to all his line,
The bloody Legacy of RIGHT DIVINE.

With many Virtues which a radiance fling,
Round private men; with few which grace a king,
And ſpeak the Monarch, at the time of Life
When Paſſion holds with Reaſon doubtful ſtrife,

Succeeded CHARLES, by a mean Sire undone,
Who envied Virtue, even in a Son.

His Youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the Man up, e're he left the Child;
His Soul was eager for imperial ſway
E'er he had learn'd the leſſon to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning, flatt'ring throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour ſtrong;
Wiſdom was treated as a noiſome weed,
And all his follies let to run to ſeed.

What ills from ſuch beginnings needs muſt ſpring!
What ills to ſuch a land, from ſuch a King!
What could ſhe hope! what had ſhe not to fear!
Baſe BUCKINGHAM poſſeſs'd his youthful ear;
STRAFFORD and LAUD, when mounted on the throne
Engroſs'd his love, and made him all their own;
STRAFFORD and LAUD, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now;
Each ſtrove t'undo him, in his turn and hour,
The firſt with pleaſure, and the laſt with pow'r.

Thinking

Thinking (vain thought, diſgraceful to the throne!)
That all Mankind were made for Kings alone,
That Subjects were but ſlaves, and what was Whim
Or worſe in common men, was Law in him;
Drunk with *Prerogative*, which Fate decreed
To guard good Kings, and Tyrants to miſlead;
Which in a fair proportion, to deny
Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high
No Good can wiſh, no Coward King can dare,
And held too high, no *Engliſh* ſubject bear;
Beſieg'd by Men of deep and ſubtle arts,
Men void of Principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who ſaw his weakneſs, made their King their tool,
Then moſt a ſlave, when moſt he ſeem'd to rule;
Taking all public ſteps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by Favourites, whom he called friends,
He had not ſtrength enough of ſoul to find
That Monarchs, meant as bleſſings to Mankind,
Sink their great ſtate, and ſtamp their fame undone,
When, what was meant for all, they give to One;
Liſt'ning uxorious, whilſt a woman's prate,
Modell'd the Church, and parcell'd out the ſtate,
Whilſt (in the ſtate not more than Women read)
High-Churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious head;

Tutor'd

Tutor'd to ſee with miniſterial eyes;
Forbid to hear a loyal Nation's cries;
Made to believe (what can't a Fav'rite do)
He heard a Nation hearing one or two;
Taught by State-Quacks himſelf ſecure to think,
And out of danger, e'en on danger's brink;
Whilſt Pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilſt murmurs ran thro' an inſulted land,
As if to ſanction Tyrants Heav'n was bound,
He proudly ſought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
Did ENGLAND, cruſh'd by pow'r and aw'd by fears,
Whilſt proud Oppreſſion ſtruck at Freedom's root,
Lament her Senates loſt, her HAMPDEN mute.
Illegal taxes, and oppreſſive loans,
In ſpite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;
PATIENCE was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And Loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage ſhook the ſtate,
New Courts were rais'd to give new Doctrines weight;
State-Inquiſitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd *Star-Chambers* made, or rul'd the law;

Juries were pack'd, and Judges were unſound;
Thro' the whole kingdom not one PRATT was found.

From the firſt moments of his giddy youth
He hated Senates, for They told him Truth.
At length againſt his will compell'd to treat,
Thoſe whom he could not fright, he ſtrove to cheat;
With baſe diſſembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And, often giving, often broke his word.
O where ſhall helpleſs Truth for refuge fly,
If Kings, who ſhould protect her, dare to lie?

Thoſe who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their Country's good their Monarch's fame,
Thoſe who were anxious for his ſafety, Thoſe
Who were induc'd by duty to oppoſe,
Their truth ſuſpected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes, and traitors to his throne,
Nor found his fatal errour till the hour
Of ſaving him was gone and paſt, 'till Pow'r
Had ſhifted hands, to blaſt his hapleſs reign,
Making their Faith, and his Repentance vain.

Hence

Hence (be that curſe confin'd to GOTHAM's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil War aroſe;
All acts of Outrage, and all acts of ſhame
Stalk'd forth at large, diſguis'd with Honour's name;
Rebellion, raiſing high her bloody hand,
Spread univerſal havock thro' the land;
With zeal for Party, and with Paſſion drunk,
In Public rage all private Love was ſunk,
Friend againſt Friend, Brother 'gainſt Brother ſtood,
And the Son's weapon drank the Father's blood;
Nature, aghaſt, and fearful leſt her reign
Should laſt no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.

Unhappy Stuart! harſhly tho' that name,
Grates on my ear, I ſhould have died with ſhame,
To ſee my King before his ſubjects ſtand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand,
At their commands to hear the Monarch plead,
By their decrees to ſee that Monarch bleed.
What tho' thy faults were many, and were great,
What tho' they ſhook the baſis of the ſtate,
In Royalty ſecure thy Perſon ſtood,
And ſacred was the fountain of thy blood.

Vile Miniſters, who dar'd abuſe their truſt,
Who dar'd ſeduce a King to be unjuſt,
Vengeance, with Juſtice leagu'd, with Pow'r made ſtrong,
Had nobly cruſh'd; *The King could do no wrong.*

Yet grieve not, CHARLES, nor thy hard fortunes blame
They took thy life, but they ſecur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like ſpecks appear,
From which the Sun in glory is not clear.
Had'ſt Thou in peace and years reſign'd thy breath
At Nature's call, had'ſt Thou laid down in death
As in a ſleep, thy name, by Juſtice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torne.
Pity, the Virtue of a gen'rous ſoul,
Sometimes the Vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole.
Misfortunes gave, what Virtue could not give,
And bade, the Tyrant ſlain, the Martyr live.

Ye princes of the Earth, ye mighty few,
Who, worlds ſubduing, can't yourſelves ſubdue,
Who, goodneſs ſcorn'd, wiſh only to be great,
Whoſe breath is blaſting, and whoſe voice is fate,
Who own no law, no reaſon but your will,
And ſcorn reſtraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill,

Who

Who of all paſſions groan beneath the worſt,
Then only bleſs'd when they make others curſt;
Think not, for wrongs like theſe unſcourg'd to live;
Long may Ye ſin, and long may Heav'n forgive;
But, when Ye leaſt expect, in ſorrow's day,
Vengeance ſhall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that Vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone;
No; like ſome baſe diſtemper, which remains,
Tranſmitted from the tainted Father's veins,
In the Son's blood, ſuch broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down Vengeance e'en to lateſt times,
Call Vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterneſs and ſhame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilſt Uſurpation lorded it at home,
Of Majeſty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
Not daring, like a King, to reign, or die,
Recall'd to repoſſeſs his lawful throne
More at his people's ſeeking, than his own,
Another CHARLES ſucceeded; in the ſchool
Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool.

And, like pert Pupils with dull Tutors ſent
To ſhame their Country on the Continent,
From love of ENGLAND by long abſence wean'd,
From ev'ry Court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, ſo cloſe do evil habits cling,
'Till crown'd, a Beggar; and when crown'd, no King.

Thoſe grand and gen'ral pow'rs, which Heav'n deſign'd
An inſtance of his mercy to Mankind,
Were loſt, in ſtorms of diſſipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bleſs a world;
Lighter than levity which ſtrides the blaſt,
And, of the preſent fond, forgets the paſt,
Hé chang'd and chang'd, but, ev'ry hope to curſe,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worſe;
State he reſign'd to thoſe whom ſtate could pleaſe,
Careleſs of Majeſty, his wiſh was eaſe;
Pleaſure, and Pleaſure only was his aim;
Kings of leſs Wit, might hunt the bubble fame;
Dignity, thro' his reign, was made a ſport,
Nor dar'd Decorum ſhew her face at Court,
Morality was held a ſtanding jeſt,
And Faith a neceſſary fraud at beſt;

Courtiers

Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Poſſeſs'd great talents, and abus'd them too;
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was looſe, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was Folly, Folly to acquit)
Stood all abſolv'd in that poor bauble, WIT.

In gratitude, alas! but little read,
He let his Father's ſervants beg their bread,
His Father's faithful ſervants, and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counſels he embrac'd thro' indolence,
Thro' love of eaſe, and not thro' want of ſenſe;
He ſaw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them ſo.

Women rul'd all, and Miniſters of State
Were for commands at Toillettes forc'd to wait;
Women, who have, as Monarchs, grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at Second-hand.

To make all other errors ſlight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd, ſtand DUNKIRK and TANGIER;

In mem'ry fix'd ſo deep, that Time in vain
Shall ſtrive to wipe thoſe records from the brain,
AMBOYNA ſtands----Gods, that a King ſhould hold
In ſuch high Eſtimate, vile, paultry gold,
And of his duty be ſo careleſs found,
That, when the blood of Subject from the ground
For Vengeance call'd, he ſhould reject their cry,
And, brib'd from Honour, lay his thunders by,
Give HOLLAND peace, whilſt ENGLISH victims groan'd,
And butcher'd ſubjects wander'd *unaton'd!*
O, dear, deep injury to ENGLAND's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him, deep Shame!
Of all the paſſions which from frailty ſpring,
Av'rice is that which leaſt becomes a King.

To crown the whole, ſcorning the publick good,
Which thro' his reign he little underſtood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He reaſſum'd a Bigot Brother's claim,
And, having made time-ſerving Senates bow,
Suddenly died, that Brother beſt knew *how*.

No matter *how*----he ſlept amongſt the dead,
And JAMES his Brother reigned in his ſtead.

But

But ſuch a reign----ſo glaring an offence
In ev'ry ſtep 'gainſt Freedom, Law, and Senſe,
'Gainſt all the rights of Nature's ge'nral plan,
'Gainſt all which conſtitutes an Engliſhman,
That the Relation would mere fiction ſeem,
The mock creation of a Poet's dream.
And the poor Bards would, in this ſceptic age,
Appear as falſe as *their* Hiſtorian's page.

Ambitious Folly ſeiz'd the ſeat of Wit,
Chriſtians were forc'd by Bigots to ſubmit,
Pride without Senſe, without Religion Zeal,
Made daring inroads on the common-weal,
Stern Perſecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of Kings, the pow'r of God,
Conſcience and Fame were ſacrific'd to ROME,
And ENGLAND wept at FREEDOM's ſacred tomb.

Her Laws deſpis'd, her Conſtitution wrench'd
From its due, nat'ral frame, her Rights retrench'd
Beyond a Coward's ſuff'rance, Conſcience forc'd,
And healing Juſtice from the Crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
Her *patriot* BISHOPS ſentenc'd to the Tow'r,

Her OXFORD (who yet loves the STUART name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of ſhame,
She wept----but wept not long; to arms ſhe flew,
At Honour's call th' avenging ſword ſhe drew,
Turn'd all her terrors on the Tyrant's head,
And ſent him in deſpair to beg his bread,
Whilſt ſhe (may ev'ry State in ſuch diſtreſs
Dare with ſuch zeal, and meet with ſuch ſucceſs)
Whilſt She (may GOTHAM, ſhould my abject mind
Chuſe to enſlave, rather than free mankind,
Purſue her ſteps, tear the proud Tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuſe the crown)
Whilſt She (thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold let REVOLUTION ſtand)
Whilſt She, ſecur'd in *Liberty* and *Law*,
Found what She ſought, a Saviour in NASSAU.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

GOTHAM.

BOOK III.

GOTHAM.

BOOK III.

CAN the fond Mother from herſelf depart,
Can ſhe forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom ſhe bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her boſom fed?
To whom ſhe ſeem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whoſe life alone, ſhe ſeem'd to live?
Yes, from herſelf, the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom ſhe bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her boſom fed,

To

To whom ſhe ſeem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whoſe life alone, ſhe ſeem'd to live;
But I cannot forget, while life remains,
And pours her current thro' theſe ſwelling veins,
Whilſt Mem'ry offers up at Reaſon's ſhrine,
But I cannot forget, that GOTHAM's mine.

Can the ſtern Mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her diſnatur'd breaſt, tear her young child,
Fleſh of her fleſh, and of her bone the bone,
And daſh the ſmiling babe againſt a ſtone?
Yes, the ſtern Mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her diſnatur'd breaſt, may tear her child;
Fleſh of her fleſh, and of her bone the bone,
And daſh the ſmiling babe againſt a ſtone;
But I, (forbid it Heav'n) but I can ne'er
The love of GOTHAM, from this boſom tear,
Can ne'er ſo far true Royalty pervert
From its fair courſe, to do my people hurt.

With how much eaſe, with how much confidence,
As if, ſuperior to each groſſer ſenſe,
Reaſon had only, in full pow'r array'd,
To manifeſt her Will, and be obey'd,

Men

Men make reſolves, and paſs into decrees
The motions of the Mind! with how much eaſe
In ſuch reſolves, doth paſſion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing, what was rais'd to law?

In empire young, ſcarce warm on GOTHAM's throne,
The dangers and the ſweets of pow'r unknown,
Pleas'd, tho' I ſcarce know why, like ſome young child,
Whoſe little ſenſes each new toy turns wild,
How do I hold ſweet dalliance with my crown
And wanton with dominion, how lay down,
Without the ſanction of a precedent,
Rules of moſt large and abſolute extent;
Rules, which from ſenſe of public virtue ſpring,
And, all at once, commence a PATRIOT KING.

But, for the day of tryal is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are ſtak'd on me, and all their Weal or Woe
Muſt from my Good, or Evil Conduct flow,
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I aſſume that name, deſerve it too?
Have I well weighed the great, the noble part
I'm now to play? Have I explor'd my Heart,

That

That labyrinth of fraud, that deep, dark cell,
Where, unſuſpected e'en by me, may dwell
Ten thouſand follies? Have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
Have I trac'd ev'ry paſſion to its riſe,
Nor ſpar'd one lurking ſeed of treach'rous vice?
Have I familiar with my nature grown,
And am I fairly to myſelf made known?

A PATRIOT KING----Why 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate ſtamp of Heav'n, which wears
The neareſt, beſt reſemblance we can ſhew
Of God above, thro' all his works below.

To ſtill the voice of diſcord in the land,
To make weak faction's diſcontented band,
Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren, in the ſelf-ſame int'reſts warm'd,
Like diff'rent bodies, with one ſoul inform'd,
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thought, grow up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That ſacred ballance, temperate, yet bold,

With

With ſuch an equal hand, that thoſe who fear
May yet approve, and own my juſtice clear;
To be a Common Father, to ſecure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor;
Vice, and her ſons, to baniſh in diſgrace,
To make Corruption dread to ſhew her face,
To bid afflicted Virtue take new ſtate,
And be, at laſt, acquainted with the great;
Of all Religions to elect the beſt,
Nor let her prieſts be made a ſtanding jeſt;
Rewards for Worth, with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the Arts, nor let the Artiſts ſtarve;
To make fair Plenty through the realm increaſe,
Give Fame in War, and Happineſs in Peace,
To ſee my people virtuous, great and free,
And know that all thoſe bleſſings flow from me,
O 'tis a joy too exquiſite, a thought
Which flatters Nature more than flatt'ry ought.
'Tis a great, glorious taſk, for Man too hard,
But not leſs great, leſs glorious the reward,
The beſt reward which here to Man in giv'n,
'Tis more than Earth, and little ſhort of Heav'n;
A taſk (if ſuch compariſon may be)
The ſame in nature, diff'ring in degree,

Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with eaſe, and yet performs to all.

How much do they miſtake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown
Becauſe it gliſtens, muſt be lin'd with down.
With outſide ſhow, and vain appearance caught,
They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find,
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worſhip, which a crown adorns,
Nor once ſuſpect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place ſupply,
Would we one moment uſe her piercing eye,
Then ſhould we know what woe from grandeur ſprings,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action ſimply juſt, in cónſcience clear,
By guilt untainted, undiſturb'd by fear,
His means but ſcanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his buſineſs and his pleaſure too,

Enjoys

Enjoys more comforts in a ſingle hour,
Than ages give the Wretch condemn'd to Pow'r.

Call'd up by health, he riſes with the day,
And goes to work, as if he went to play,
Whiſtling off toils, one half of which might make
The ſtouteſt ATLAS of a palace quake;
'Gainſt heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by conſtant uſe, without complaint
He bears, what we ſhould think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirſt he ſlakes at ſome pure neighb'ring brook,
Nor aſks for ſauce where appetite ſtands cook.
When the dews fall and when the Sun retires
Behind the Mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, ſpeak ſupper nigh;
At diſtance catch, and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-boil'd cubs, enjoys that clean, coarſe food,
Which, ſeaſon'd with Good Humour, his fond Bride
'Gainſt his return is happy to provide.
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he creeps
Into his ſtraw, and 'till the morning ſleeps.

Not ſo the King——with anxious cares oppreſs'd,
His boſom labours, and admits not reſt.
A glorious Wretch, he ſweats beneath the weight
Of Majeſty, and gives up eaſe for ſtate.
E'en when his ſmiles, which, by the fools of p[illegible]
Are treaſur'd and preſerv'd from ſide to ſide
Fly round the court, e'en when compell'd by fo[illegible]m,
He ſeems moſt calm, his ſoul is in a ſtorm!
CARE, like a ſpectre, ſeen by him alone,
With all her neſt of vipers, round his throne
By Day crawls full in view; when Night bids ſleep,
Sweet nurſe of Nature, o'er the ſenſes creep,
When Miſery herſelf, no more complains,
And ſlaves, if poſſible, forget their chains,
Tho' his ſenſe weakens, tho' his eyes grow dim,
That reſt which comes to all, comes not to him.
E'en at that hour, CARE, tyrant CARE, forbids,
The dew of ſleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night ſhe watches at his bed;
Now, as one mop'd, ſits brooding o'er his head;
Anon ſhe ſtarts, and, borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud——Sleep was not made for kings.

Thrice

Thrice hath the Moon, who governs this vaſt ball,
Who rules moſt abſolute o'er me, and all,
To whom, by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full I pay the duteous vow,
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since (bleſſed be that ſeaſon, for before,
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,
One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life, to die and paſs away)
Since I became a King, and GOTHAM's throne,
With full and ample pow'r, became my own;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since Sleep, kind Sleep, who like a friend ſupplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd theſe eyes.
Nor, if my toils are anſwer'd with ſucceſs,
And I am made an inſtrument to bleſs
The people whom I love, ſhall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.

Mindful of that high rank in which I ſtand,
Of millions Lord, ſole ruler in the land,

Let me, and Reaſon ſhall her aid afford,
Rule my own ſpirit, of myſelf be lord.
With an ill grace that monarch wears his c[illegible]
Who, ſtern and hard of nature, wears a fr[illegible]
'Gainſt faults in other men, yet all the v[illegible]
Meets his own vices with a partial ſmile.
How can a king (yet on record we find
Such kings have been, ſuch curſes of mankind)
Enforce that law, 'gainſt ſome poor ſubject elf,
Which Conſcience tells him he hath broke himſelf?
Can he ſome petty rogue to Juſtice call
For robbing one, when he himſelf robs all?
Muſt not, unleſs extinguiſh'd, Conſcience fly
Into his cheek, and blaſt his fading eye,
To ſcourge th' oppreſſor, when the State, diſtreſs'd
And ſunk to ruin, is by him oppreſs'd?
Againſt himſelf doth he not ſentence give?
If one muſt die, t'other's not fit to live.

Weak is that throne, and in itſelf unſound
Which takes not ſolid virtue for its ground.
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would periſh to obtain.

Nor

Nor can thoſe ſpirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
Be huſh'd to peace, but when fair, legal ſway,
Makes it their real int'reſt to obey,
When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not leſs in Virtue, than in pow'r excel.

Be that my object, that my conſtant care,
And may my Soul's beſt wiſhes centre there.
Be it my taſk to ſeek, nor ſeek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign,
And, to thoſe Virtues which from Reaſon ſpring,
And grace the Man, join thoſe which grace the King.

Firſt (for ſtrict duty bids my care extend,
And reach to all, who on that care depend,
Bids me with ſervants keep a ſteady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
Firſt (and that method Reaſon ſhall ſupport)
Before I look into, and purge my Court,
Before I cleanſe the ſtable of the ſtate,
Let me fix things which to myſelf relate.
That done, and all accounts well ſettled here,
In Reſolution firm, in Honour clear,

Tremble ye Slaves, who dare abuſe your truſt,
Who dare be Villains, when your King is Juſt.

Are there, amongſt thoſe officers of St
To whom our ſacred pow'r we delegate,
Who holds our place and office in the R
Who, in our name commiſſion'd, guide
Are there, who, truſting to our love of eaſe,
Oppreſs our ſubjects, wreſt our juſt decrees,
And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To ſpeak a language which they never meant,
Are there ſuch Men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in ſafety to their end?
Can they ſo much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themſelves, ſo much miſdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a Stateſman's tool,
And live a ſtranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myſelf, and to my State unjuſt,
Shall I from miniſters take things on truſt,
And, ſinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependants of my own?
Shall I, moſt certain ſource of future cares,
Not uſe my Judgment, but depend on their's?

Shall

Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with State,
Have nothing but the Name of being great,
Attend at councils, which I muſt not weigh,
Do, what they bid; and what they dictate ſay;
Enrob'd, and hoiſted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal Cypher there?
Periſh the thought----'tis Treaſon to my throne----
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
Inſults me more, than He, who, leagu'd with hell,
Shall riſe in arms, and 'gainſt my crown rebel.

The wicked Stateſman, whoſe falſe heart purſues
A train of Guilt, who act with double views,
And wears a double face, whoſe baſe deſigns
Strike at his Monarch's throne, who undermines
E'en whilſt he ſeems his wiſhes to ſupport,
Who ſeizes all departments, packs a court,
Maintains an agent on the Judgment Seat
To ſcreen his crimes, and make his frauds compleat,
New models armies, and around the throne
Will ſuffer none but creatures of his own,
Conſcious of ſuch his baſeneſs, well may try,
Againſt the light to ſhut his maſter's eye,

To

To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from those,
Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes [illegible]
Nor ever let him in one place appear
Where Truth, unwelcome Truth, ma[illegible]

Attempts like these, well weigh'd, t[illegible]
And, whilst they publish, baulk the [illegible]
Kings must be blind, into such snar[illegible]
Or worse, with open eyes must b[illegible]
The minister of Honesty and Wo[illegible]
Demands the day to bring his actions forth,
Calls on the Sun to shine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which must end in praise.
None fly the day, and seek the shades of Night,
But those whose actions cannot bear the Light;
None wish their King in Ignorance to hold,
But those who feel that knowledge must unfold
Their hidden Guilt, and, that dark mist dispell'd
By which their places and their lives are held,
Confusion wait them, and by Justice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.

Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit
Where Kings have oft been lost, shall I submit

And

And ruſt in chains like theſe? Shall I give way,
And whilſt my helpleſs ſubjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in Ignorance ſit down,
Nor dare aſſert the honour of my crown?
When ſtern REBELLION, (if that odious name
Juſtly belongs to thoſe, whoſe only aim
Is to preſerve their Country, who oppoſe
In honour leagu'd, none but their Country's foes,
Who only ſeek their own, and found their Cauſe
In due regard for violated laws,)
When ſtern REBELLION, who no longer feels,
Nor fears rebuke, a nation at her heels,
A nation up in arms, tho' ſtrong not proud,
Knocks at the Palace gate, and, calling loud
For due redreſs, preſents, from Truth's fair pen,
A liſt of wrongs, not to be borne like men,
How muſt that King be humbled, how diſgrace
All that is royal, in his name and place,
Who, thus call'd forth to anſwer, can advance
No other plea but that of IGNORANCE!
A vile defence, which was his All at ſtake,
The meaneſt ſubject well might bluſh to make;
A filthy ſource, from whence Shame ever ſprings;
A Stain to all, but moſt a Stain to Kings.

The

The Soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
Panting for Knowledge, reſts not 'till inform'd,
And ſhall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal
Feel thoſe brave paſſions, which
Or can a juſt excuſe from Ign'ranc
To Me, whoſe firſt, great duty is-

Hence IGNORANCE—thy ſettled,
Wou'd hurt me, tho' I knew no reaſon why—
Hence IGNORANCE----thy ſlaviſh ſhackles bind
The free-born Soul, and lethargy the mind----
Of thee, begot by PRIDE, who look'd with ſcorn
On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
That great Inflexibility of Soul,
Which Reaſon can't convince, nor Fear controul,
Which neither arguments, nor pray'rs can reach,
And nothing leſs than utter Ruin teach------
Hence IGNORANCE----hence to that depth of Night,
Where thou waſt borne, where not one gleam of light
May wound thine eye----hence to ſome dreary cell
Where Monks with Superſtition love to dwell,
Or in ſome college ſoothe thy lazy pride,
And with the Heads of colleges reſide,

Fit

Fit mate for Royalty thou can'ſt not be,
And if no mate for kings, no mate for me.

Come STUDY, like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
Which, ruſhing down the mountains, o'er the plains
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leaves ſeeds of future fruitfulneſs behind,
Come STUDY,——painful tho' thy courſe and ſlow,
Thy real worth by thy effects we know——
Parent of Knowledge, come——not Thee I call,
Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall,
Doſt ſit, all ſolemn ſad, and moping weigh
Things, which when found, thy labours can't repay—
Nor, in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
A *Rod*; in t'other, gaudily array'd
A *Hornbook*, gilt and letter'd, call I Thee,
Who doſt in form preſide o'er A, B, C,——
Nor, (Siren tho' thou art, and thy ſtrange charms,
As 'twere by magic, lure men to thy arms,)
Do I call Thee, who thro' a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling, pleaſing ways,
Doſt lead us at the laſt to thoſe rich plains,
Where, in full glory, real SCIENCE reigns,

Fair

Fair tho' thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
Tho' full rewards in thy poſſeſſion lie
To crown Man's wiſh, and do thy fa[illegible]rites grace,
Tho' (was I ſtation'd in an humbler [illegible]
I could be ever happy in thy ſight,
Toil with thee all the day, and throu[illegible]ght
Toil on from watch to watch, bidding
Faſt rivetted on SCIENCE, ſleep defy,
Yet, (ſuch the hardſhips which from [illegible]
Muſt I thy ſweet ſociety forego,
And to ſome happy rival's arms reſign
Thoſe charms, which can, alas! no more be mine.

No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I purſue thy ſteps, and urge my way
Where eager love of SCIENCE calls, no more
Attempt thoſe paths which Man ne'er trod before.
No more the mountain ſcal'd, the deſart croſt,
Loſing myſelf, nor knowing I was loſt,
Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from Morn to Night,
From Night to Morn, yet travel with delight,
And having found thee, lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well ſpent.

Farewell

Farewell ye Muses too——for ſuch mean things
Muſt not preſume to dwell with mighty Kings——
Farewell ye Muses——tho' it cuts my heart
E'en to the quick, we muſt for ever part.

When the freſh Morn bade luſty Nature wake;
When the Birds, ſweetly twitt'ring thro' the brake,
Tun'd their ſoft pipes; when from the neighb'ring bloom,
Sipping the dew, each Zephyr ſtole perfume;
When all things with new vigour were inſpir'd,
And ſeem'd to ſay they never could be tir'd;
How often have we ſtray'd, whilſt ſportive Rhime
Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to ſee,
Yourſelves made viſible to none but me,
The clown, his Work ſuſpended, gape and ſtare,
And ſeem to think that I convers'd with Air!

When the Sun, beating on the parched ſoil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil,
When a faint languor crept thro' ev'ry breaſt,
And things moſt us'd to labour, wiſh'd for reſt;
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where ſafe, and fearleſs of the impious ſtroke

Some

Some ſacred DRYAD liv'd, or in ſome grove,
Where with capricious fingers Fancy wove
Her fairy bow'r, whilſt NATURE all the while
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a ſmile;
Have we held converſe ſweet! how often laid,
Faſt by the Thames, in HAM's inſpiring ſhade,
Amongſt thoſe Poets, which make up your train,
And, after death, pour forth the ſacred Strain,
Have I, at your command, in verſe grown grey,
But not impair'd, heard DRYDEN tune that lay,
Which might have drawn an Angel from his ſphere,
And kept him from his office liſt'ning here.

When dreary NIGHT, with MORPHEUS in her train,
Led on by SILENCE to reſume her reign,
With Darkneſs covering, as with a robe,
This ſcene of Levity, blank'd half the globe,
How oft', enchanted with your heav'nly ſtrains,
Which ſtole me from myſelf, which in ſoft chains
Of Muſic bound my ſoul, how oft' have I,
Sounds more than human floating thro' the Sky,
Attentive ſat, whilſt NIGHT, againſt her will,
Tranſported with the harmony, ſtood ſtill!

How oft' in raptures, which Man ſcarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, ſtill thought the Muſes there,
Still heard their Muſic, and, as mute as death,
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry Breath,
Leſt, breathing all too rudely, I ſhould wound,
And mar that magic excellence of ſound:
Re-returning with return of Day,
The Night, which fled ſo faſt away.

Such my Purſuits, and ſuch my Joys of yore,
Such were my Mates, but now my Mates no more.
Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for envy ſure
Would never haunt the cottage of the Poor,
Would never ſtoop to wound my homeſpun lays).
With ſome few Friends, and ſome ſmall ſhare of Praiſe,
Beneath Oppreſſion, undiſturb'd by Strife,
In Peace I trod the humble vale of Life.
Farewell theſe ſcenes of eaſe, this tranquil ſtate;
Welcome the troubles which on Empire wait.
Light toys from this day forth I diſavow,
They pleas'd me once, but cannot ſuit me now;
To common Men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix diſgrace on me.

Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand
Are all engros'd, each private view withſtood,
And taſk'd to labour for the Public Good;
Be this my ſtudy, to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.

Let me the page of Hiſtory turn o'er,
Th' inſtructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame, and from the ſacred tomb
Where righteous Monarchs ſleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by Time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their Fame, may add to mine.

Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er thoſe ſcenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a Poſt which travels day and night,
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by falſe delight,
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that Monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous SPRING, repairing all his charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,

Where,

Where, like a Virgin to ſome letcher ſold,
Three wretched months, ſhe lay benumb'd, and cold;
When the weak Flow'r, which, ſhrinking from the breath
Of the rude North, and, timorous of Death,
To its kind Mother Earth for ſhelter fled,
And on her boſom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afreſh, and, chear'd by milder ſkies,
Bids in full ſplendour all her beauties riſe;
The Hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch;
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings diſpatch,
The BEE goes forth; from herb to herb ſhe flies,
From Flow'r to Flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treaſur'd ſweets, robbing thoſe Flow'rs, which left,
Find not themſelves made poorer by the theft,
Their ſcents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth ſhe ſit on Pleaſure's ſilken Wing,
Ne'er doth ſhe, lut'ring, let the bloom of Spring
Unrifled paſs, and on the downy breaſt
Of ſome fair Flow'r indulge untimely reſt.
Ne'er doth ſhe, drinking deep of thoſe rich dews
Which Chymiſt Night prepar'd, that faith abuſe

Due to the hive, and, ſelfiſh in her toils,
To her own private uſe convert the ſpoils.
Love of the Stock firſt call'd her forth to roam,
And to the Stock ſhe brings her booty home.

Be this my Pattern—As becomes a King,
Let me fly all abroad on Reaſon's wing,
Let mine eye, like the Light'ning, thro' the Earth
Run to and fro', nor let one deed of Worth,
In any Place and Time, nor let one Man
Whoſe actions may enrich Dominion's plan,
Eſcape my note; be all, from the firſt day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From thoſe, whom Time at the deſire of Fame
Hath ſpar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame;
From thoſe, who not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, leſſon'd to diſtill,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw Good from Ill.
Nor let theſe great reſearches in my breaſt
A monument of uſeleſs labour reſt,
No—let them ſpread—th' effects, let GOTHAM ſhare,
And reap the harveſt of their Monarch's care,

Be

Be other Times, and other Countries known,
Only to give freſh Bleſſings to my own.

Let me (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful ſuccour I rely
In this great Hour, that glorious God of Truth,
Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth,
Aſſiſt my weakneſs, and direct me right,
From ev'ry ſpeck which hangs upon the Sight,
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To ſpread the ſhades of error o'er my Brain)
Let Me, impartial, with unweary'd thought,
Try Men and Things; let Me, as Monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my Pow'r depends,
What are the gen'ral Principles, and Ends
Of Government, how Empire firſt began,
And wherefore Man was rais'd to reign o'er Man.

Let me conſider, as from one great Source
We ſee a thouſand rivers take their courſe,
Diſpers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their Parent ſtill ſupply'd and fed,
That Government, (tho' branch'd out far and wide,
In various Modes to various lands applied)

Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main Ground-work's ev'ry where the ſame;
The ſame her view, tho' different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view, the Good of Man.

Let me find out, by Reaſon's ſacred beams,
What Syſtem in itſelf moſt perfect ſeems,
Moſt worthy Man, moſt likely to conduce
To all the purpoſes of gen'ral uſe;
Let me find too, where, by fair Reaſon try'd,
It fails, when to Particulars apply'd,
Why in that mode all Nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot ſuit with mine.

Let me the gradual Riſe of empires trace
'Till they ſeem'd founded on Perfection's baſe,
Then (for when human things have made their way
To Excellence, they haſten to decay)
Let me whilſt Obſervation lends her clue,
Step by Step, to their quick Decline purſue,
Enabled by a chain of Facts to tell
Not only how they roſe, but how they fell.

Let me not only the diſtempers know
Which in all States from common cauſes grow;
But likewiſe thoſe, which by the will of Fate,
On each peculiar mode of Empire wait,
Which in its very Conſtitution lurk,
Too ſure at laſt, to do its deſtin'd work;
forewarn'd, each Sign, each Syſtem learn;
ny people's danger may diſcern,
too late wiſh'd Health to re-aſſure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.

Let me (tho' great, grave Brethren of the gown,
Preach all Faith up, and peach all Reaſon down,
Making thoſe jar, whom Reaſon meant to join,
And veſting in themſelves a right divine)
Let me thro' Reaſon's glaſs, with ſearching eye,
Into the depth of that Religion pry,
Which Law hath ſanction'd; let me find out there
What's Form, what's Eſſence; what, like vagrant Air,
We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the laſt Hour of Time.
Nor let me ſuffer that outrageous zeal,
Which, without knowledge, furious Bigots feel,

Fair in pretence,- tho' at the heart unſound,
Theſe ſep'rate points at random to confound.

The Times have been, when prieſts have dar'd to tread,
Proud and inſulting, on their Monarch's head,
When, whilſt they made Religion a pretence,
Out of the World they baniſh'd common ſenſe,
When ſome ſoft king, too open to deceit,
Eaſy and unſuſpecting, join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock Piety, and gave his name
To ſerve the vileſt purpoſes of ſhame.
Fear not, my people, where no cauſe of fear
Can juſtly riſe—Your King ſecures you here,
Your King, who ſcorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of prieſts, the voice of God.

Let me (tho' Lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their Monarch to behold what they wiſh hid,
And for the purpoſes of knaviſh gain,
Would have their trade a myſtery remain)
Let me, diſdaining all ſuch ſlaviſh awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the Law;
Let me (the weak, dead letter left behind)
Search out the Principles, the Spirit find,

'Till

'Till, from the parts, made maſter of the whole,
I ſee the *Conſtitution*'s very Soul.

Let me (tho' Stateſmen will no doubt reſiſt,
And to my eyes preſent a fearful liſt
Of men, whoſe wills are oppoſite to mine,
Of men, great men, determin'd to reſign)
Let me, (with firmneſs, which becomes a King,
Conſcious from what a ſource my actions ſpring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withſtood,
When my grand object is my Country's Good)
Unravel all low Miniſterial ſcenes,
Deſtroy their jobbs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them ſtep by ſtep; let me well know
How Places, Penſions, and Preferments go,
Why Guilt's provided for, when Worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot;
Let me in Peace, in War, Supreme preſide,
And dare to know my way without a Guide.

Let me (tho' Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and *ſwells* behind a cloud,
As if the Sun ſhone with leſs pow'ful ray,
Leſs Grace, leſs Glory, ſhining ev'ry day.

Tho'

Tho' when ſhe comes forth into public ſight,
Unbending as a Ghoſt, ſhe ſtalks upright,
With ſuch an air as we have often ſeen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
Nor, at her preſence, tho' baſe Myriads crook
The ſupple knee, vouchſafes a ſingle look.)
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of Dominion laid aſide,
All ornament, and needleſs helps of art,
All thoſe big looks, which ſpeak a little Heart)
Know (which few Kings, alas! have ever known)
How Affability becomes a Throne,
Deſtroys all fear, bids Love with Rev'rence live,
And gives thoſe Graces Pride can never give.
Let the ſtern Tyrant keep a diſtant ſtate,
And, hating all Men, fear return of Hate,
Conſcious of Guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own;
Let all my Subjects have acceſs to Me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full, fair tide, let Information flow,
That evil is half-cur'd, whoſe cauſe we know.

And thou, where e'er thou art, thou wretched Thing,
Who art afraid to look up to a King,
Lay by thy fears——make but thy grievance plain;
And, if I not redreſs thee, may my Reign
Cloſe up that very Moment——to prevent
The courſe of JUSTICE, from her fair intent,
In vain my neareſt, deareſt friend ſhall plead,
In vain my mother kneel——my ſoul may bleed,
But muſt not change——When JUSTICE draws the dart,
Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a Fav'rite's Heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim——
I know it Duty, and I feel it Fame.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

CANDIDATE.

THE

CANDIDATE.

ENOUGH of *Actors*----let them play the play'r,
And, free from cenſure, fret, ſweat, ſtrut, and ſtare.
GARRICK abroad, what motives can engage
To waſte one couplet on a barren ſtage?
Ungr[illegible] when theſe *taſty* days,
In juſ[illegible] allow'd thee praiſe,
Whe[illegible], Senſe, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or diſſolv'd in tears,
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had giv'n ſome little ſhare of wealth,

Could'ſt

Could'ſt Thou repine at being ſtill a ſlave?
Dar'ſt Thou preſume t'enjoy that wealth ſhe gave?
Could'ſt Thou repine at laws ordain'd by Thoſe,
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes,
Whom, too refin'd for honeſty and trade,
By Need made Tradeſmen, Pride had Bankrupts made,
Whom Fear made Drunkards, and by modern rules,
Whom Drink made Wits, tho' Nature made them Fools;
With Such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In ſuch a manner, and at ſuch a time,
To quit the ſtage; but Men of real Senſe,
Who neither lightly give, nor take offence,
Shall own Thee clear, or paſs an act of grace,
Since Thou haſt left a POWELL in thy place.

Enough of *Authors*----Why, when Scribblers fail,
Muſt other Scribblers ſpread the hateful tale?
Why muſt they pity, why contempt expreſs,
And why inſult a Brother in diſtreſs?
Let Thoſe, who boaſt th' uncommon gift of Brains,
The Laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains,
Freſh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
And, ages paſt, ſtill flouriſh round their tomb.

Let

Let Thoſe, who without Genius write, and write,
Verſemen or Proſemen, all in Nature's ſpite,
The Pen laid down, their courſe of Folly run
In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone.
Why ſhould I tell to croſs the will of fate,
That FRANCIS once endeavour'd to tranſlate?
Why, ſweet Oblivion winding round his head,
Should I retal poor MURPHY from the dead?
Why may not LANGHORNE, ſimple in his lay,
Effuſion on *Effuſion* pour away,
With *Friendſhip*, and with *Fancy* trifle here,
Or ſleep in *Paſtoral* at BELVIDERE?
Sleep let them all, with DULLNESS on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.

Enough of *Critics*----let them, if they pleaſe,
Fond of new pomp, each month paſs new decrees;
Wide and extenſive be their infant State,
Their Subjects many, and thoſe Subjects great,
[illegible] as ſound Law ſucceed,
[illegible] greater fools who read.
[illegible] they lay the realms of Genius waſte,
Fetter the Fancy, and debauch the Taſte;

Tho' they, like Doctors, to approve their ſkill,
Conſult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Tho' by whim, envy, or reſentment led,
They damn thoſe authors whom they never read,
Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold
To deal out ſo much praiſe for ſo much gold;
Tho' *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned cloſe intrigue
Againſt the Commonwealth of Letters leagues,
Uncenſur'd let them Pilot at the helm,
And, rule in Letters, as they rul'd the realm.
Ours be the curſe, the mean tame Coward's curſe,
(Nor could Ingenious Malice make a worſe,
To do our Senſe, and Honour deep deſpite)
To credit what They ſay, read what They write.

Enough of *Scotland*----let her reſt in peace,
The cauſe remov'd, effects of courſe ſhould ceaſe.
Why ſhould I tell, how *Tweed*, too mighty grown,
And proudly ſwell'd with waters not his own,
Burſt o'er his banks, and by deſtruction fed,
O'er our faint ENGLAND deſolation ſpread,
Whilſt riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd
In tenfold pride, the port of BUTE aſſum'd,

Now

Now that the River God, convinc'd, tho' late,
And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to fate,
Holds his fair courſe, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the ſea, as uſual, glides.

Enough of *States*, and ſuch like trifling things;
Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings;
Henceforth, ſecure, let ambuſh'd Stateſmen lie,
Spread the Court web, and catch the Patriot fly;
Henceforth, unwhipt of Juſtice, uncontroul'd
By fear or ſhame, let Vice, ſecure and bold,
Lord it with all her ſons, whilſt Virtue's groan
Meets with compaſſion only from the Throne.

Enough of *Patriots*----all I aſk of man
Is only to be honeſt as he can.
Some have deceiv'd, and ſome may ſtill deceive;
'Tis the Fool's curſe at random to believe.
Would th[illegible]y Opinion plac'd on high,
[illegible]nd perfect in their Country's eye,
Maintain that Honour, let me in their ear
Hint this eſſential doctrine——*Perſevere.*
Should they (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
Of ſome proud Courtier, or to gain a place,

Their King and country Sell, with endleſs ſhame
Th' avenging Muſe ſhall mark each trait'rous name;
But if, to Honour true, they ſcorn to bend,
And, proudly honeſt, hold out to the end,
Their grateful Country ſhall their [illegible]
And I Myſelf deſcend to praiſe all.

Enough of *Wilkes*----with good and honeſt men
His actions ſpeak much ſtronger than my pen,
And future ages ſhall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
ENGLAND may prove ungrateful, and unjuſt,
But foſt'ring FRANCE ſhall ne'er betray her truſt;
'Tis a brave debt which Gods on men impoſe,
To pay with praiſe the merit e'en of foes.
When the great Warriour of Amilcar's race
Made ROME's wide Empire tremble to her baſe,
To prove her Virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
ROME gave that fame which CARTHAGE had denied.

Enough of *Self*----that darling, luſcious theme,
O'er which Philoſophers in raptures dream;
Of which with ſeeming diſregard they write,
Then prizing moſt, when moſt they ſeem to ſlight;

Vain proof of Folly tinctur'd ſtrong with pride!
What Man can from himſelf himſelf divide?
For Me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim,
(Conſcience firſt ſatisfied) is love of Fame,
Some little Fame deriv'd from ſome brave few,
Who prizing Honour, prize her Vot'ries too.
Let all (nor ſhall reſentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely ſpeak,
So Thoſe (the greateſt curſe I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of Thoſe, whom bleſs'd with parts above
My feeble Genius, ſtill I dare to love,
Doing more miſchief than a thouſand foes,
Poſthumous nonſenſe to the world expoſe,
And call it mine, for mine tho' never known,
Or which, if mine, I living bluſh'd to own.
Know all the World, no greedy heir ſhall find,
Die when I will, one couplet let behind.
Let none of thoſe, whom I deſpiſe tho' great,
give malice weight,
alſe, ſneaking peer,
(Some ſuch there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to ſhame with ſome vile anecdote,
Nor ſoul-gall'd Biſhop damn me with a note.

Let one poor ſprig of Bay around my head
Bloom whilſt I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, ſome riming gueſt
Roams thro' the church-yard, whilſt his Dinner's dreſs'd,
Let it hold up this Comment to his eyes;
Life to the laſt enjoy'd, *here* CHURCHILL lies;
Whilſt (O, what joy that pleaſing flatt'ry gives)
Reading my Works, he cries----*here* CHURCHILL lives.

Enough of *Satire*----in leſs harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rimes.
I've read of Men, beyond Man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the ſtrokes ſhe gave,
Whoſe ſouls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms.
When, in her faithful and immortal page,
They ſaw tranſmitted down from age to age,
Recorded Villains, and each ſpotted name
Branded with marks of everlaſting ſhame,
Succeeding Villains ſought her as a friend,
And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend.

But

But in an age, when actions are allow'd
Which ſtrike all Honour dead, and crimes avow'd,
Too terrible to ſuffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who ſtain a Court;
Propp'd by the arm of Pow'r, when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-ſtation'd, holds rebuke in ſcorn,
When ſhe is loſt to ev'ry thought of fame,
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to ſhame,
When Prudence a much eaſier taſk muſt hold
To make a new World, than reform the old,
SATIRE throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if ſhe cannot cure, ſhe will not wound.

Come, PANEGYRICK----tho' the MUSE diſdains,
Founded on Truth, to proſtitute her ſtrains
At the baſe inſtance of thoſe men, who hold
No argument but Pow'r, no God but Gold,
Yet, mindful that from heav'n ſhe drew her birth,
She ſcorns the narrow maxims of this earth,
Virtuous herſelf, brings Virtue forth to view,
And loves to praiſe, where praiſe is juſtly due.

Come PANEGYRICK--- in a former hour,
My ſoul with pleaſure yielding to thy pow'r,

Thy ſhrine I ſought, I pray'd----but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, diſpers'd my pray'r;
E'en at thy altars whilſt I took my ſtand,
The pen of Truth and Honour in my hand,
Fate, meditating wrath 'gainſt me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my deſign,
Whilſt, HAYTER brought too quickly to his end,
I loſt a Subject, and Mankind a friend.

Come PANEGYRICK----bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy Pow'r my ſoul is proud to own,
Be Thou my kind Protector, Thou my Guide,
And lead me ſafe thro' paſſes yet untry'd.
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the houſe of *Satire* leads mankind;
Narrow, and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to Praiſe.

What tho' no theme I chuſe of vulgar note,
Nor wiſh to write as Brother Bards have wrote,
So mild, ſo meek in praiſing, that they ſeem
Afraid to wake their Patrons from a dream,
What tho' a theme I chuſe, which might demand
The niceſt touches of a Maſter's hand,

Yet,

Yet, if the inward workings of my ſoul
Deceive me not, I ſhall attain the goal,
And Envy ſhall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The Poet praiſing, and the Patron prais'd.

What Patron ſhall I chuſe? Shall public voice,
Or private knowledge influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of STOWE,
Or, ſeeking Patriots, to friend WILDMAN's go?

To WILDMAN's! cried DISCRETION, (who had heard
Cloſe-ſtanding at my elbow, ev'ry word)
To WILDMAN's! art Thou mad? can'ſt Thou be ſure
One moment there to have thy head ſecure?
Are they not All (let obſervation tell)
All mark'd in Characters as black as Hell,
In *Doomſday* book by Miniſters ſet down,
Who ſtile their pride the honour of the crown?
Make no reply----let Reaſon ſtand aloof----
Preſumptions here muſt paſs as ſolemn proof.
That ſettled Faith, that Love which ever ſprings
In the beſt Subjects, for the beſt of Kings,
Muſt not be meaſur'd now, by what Men think,
Or ſay, or do----by what They eat, and drink,

Where

Where and with whom, that Queſtion's to be try'd,
And Stateſmen are the Judges to decide;
No Juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,
They, facts confeſt, in themſelves veſt the law.
Each diſh at WILDMAN's of Sedition ſmacks;
Blaſphemy may be Goſpel at ALMACK's.

Peace, good DISCRETION, peace----thy fears are vain;
Ne'er will I herd with WILDMAN's factious train,
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, againſt the mighty ſtir.
If, from long proof, my temper you diſtruſt,
Weigh my profeſſion, to my gown be juſt;
Doſt Thou one Parſon know, ſo void of grace
To pay his court to Patrons out of place?

If ſtill you doubt (tho' ſcarce a doubt remains)
Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins;
There, ſearching, find, nor deem me now in ſport,
A convert made by SANDWICH to the Court:
Let Mad-men follow error to the end,
I, of miſtakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor bluſh to own that change, which Reaſon wrought.

For

For ſuch a change as this, muſt Juſtice ſpeak;
My heart was honeſt, but my head was weak.

Bigot to no one Man, or ſet of Men,
Without one ſelfiſh view, I drew my pen;
My Country aſk'd, or ſeem'd to aſk my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade;
A ſide I choſe, and on that ſide was ſtrong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong;
Convinc'd, I change (can any Man do more?
And have not greater Patriots chang'd before?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any Man do leſs?)
Without a ſingle bluſh, that change confeſs,
Confeſs it with a manly kind of Pride,
And quit the loſing for the winning ſide,
Granting, whilſt virtuous SANDWICH holds the rein,
What BUTE for ages might have fought in vain.

Hail SANDWICH----nor ſhall WILKES reſentment ſhew
Hearing the praiſes of ſo brave a foe----
Hail, SANDWICH----nor, thro' pride, ſhalt Thou refuſe
The grateful tribute of ſo mean a Muſe----
SANDWICH, *All Hail*----when BUTE with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, ſcourg'd the land,

When

When *Scots*, or ſlaves to *Scotſmen* ſteer'd the helm,
When Peace, inglorious Peace, diſgrac'd the realm,
Diſtruſt, and gen'ral diſcontent prevail'd;
But when (he beſt knows why) his ſpirits fail'd,
When, with a ſudden panic ſtruck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a MARS (fear order'd to retreat)
We ſaw Thee nimbly vault into his ſeat,
Into the ſeat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect Connoiſſeur in Stateſmanſhip;
When, like another MACHIAVEL, we ſaw
Thy fingers twiſting, and untwiſting law,
Straining, where godlike Reaſon bade, and where
She warranted thy Mercy, pleas'd to ſpare,
Saw Thee reſolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy King, thy Country right;
All things were chang'd, ſuſpence remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their uſe,
What Virtues ſuch as thine muſt needs produce.

Thy foes (for Honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praiſe, too fearful to oppoſe,

In

In ſullen ſilence ſit; thy Friends (ſome Few,
Who, friends to Thee, are Friends to Honour too)
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Common-weal
Expects her ſafety from thy ſtubborn zeal.
A place amongſt the reſt the Muſes claim,
And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, ſecure their own.

From his youth upwards to the preſent day,
When Vices more than years have mark'd him grey,
When riotous exceſs with waſteful hand
Shakes life's frail glaſs, and haſtes each ebbing ſand,
Unmindful from what ſtock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
LOTHARIO, holding Honour at no price,
Folly to Folly added, Vice to Vice,
Wrought ſin with greedineſs, and ſought for ſhame
With greater zeal than good men ſeek for fame.

Where (Reaſon left without the leaſt defence)
Laughter was Mirth, Obſcenity was Senſe,
Where Impudence made Decency ſubmit,
Where Noiſe was Humour, and where Whim was Wit,

Where

Where rude, untemper'd Licenſe had the merit
Of Liberty, and Lunacy was Spirit,
Where the beſt things were ever held the worſt,
LOTHARIO was, with juſtice, always firſt.

To whip a Top, to knuckle down at Taw,
To ſwing upon a gate, to ſide a ſtraw,
To play at Puſh-Pin with dull brother-Peers,
To belch out Catches in a Porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping Chairman's Oracle,
Whilſt, in moſt bleſſed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out, Encore,
Whilſt *grey* Authority, who ſlumbers there
In robes of Watchman's fur, gives up his chair,
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted Moon,
To walk with torches thro' the ſtreets at noon,
To force plain nature from her uſual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day,
To match for ſpeed one Feather 'gainſt another,
To make one leg run races with his brother,
'Gainſt all the reſt to take the northern wind,
BUTE to ride firſt, and He to ride behind,

To

To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to loſe, and loſing not to pay 'em;
LOTHARIO, on that ſtock which Nature gives,
Without a rival ſtands, tho' MARCH yet lives.

When FOLLY, (at that name, in duty bound,
Let ſubject Myriads kneel, and kiſs the ground,
Whilſt They who, in the preſence, upright ſtand,
Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
Queen ev'ry where, but moſt a Queen in Courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her ſports,
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age,
LOTHARIO, great above the common ſize,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her Cap he wears, which from his Youth he wore,
And ev'ry day deſerves it more and more.

Nor in ſuch limits reſt his ſoul confin'd;
Folly may ſhare, but can't engroſs his mind;
VICE, bold, ſubſtantial VICE, puts in her claim,
And ſtamps him perfect in the books of ſhame.
Obſerve his Follies well, and You would ſwear
Folly had been his firſt, his only care;

Obſerve,

Obſerve his Vices, you'll that oath diſown,
And ſwear that he was born for Vice alone.

Is the ſoft Nature of ſome hapleſs Maid
Fond, eaſy, full of faith, to be betray'd,
Muſt She, to Virtue loſt, be loſt to fame,
And He, who wrought her guilt, declare her ſhame?
Is ſome brave Friend, who, men but little known,
Deems ev'ry heart as honeſt as his own,
And, free himſelf, in others fears no guile,
To be enſnar'd, and ruin'd with a ſmile?
Is Law to be perverted from her courſe?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is Freedom to be cruſh'd, and ev'ry ſon,
Who dares maintain her cauſe, to be undone?
Is baſe Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, ſure tho' ſlow?
Or muſt ſhe periſh by a ſingle blow?
Are Kings (who truſt to ſervants, and depend
In ſervants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend)
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkneſs thicker than the ſhades of death?

Is

Is God's moſt holy name to be profan'd;
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His ſervants ſcorn'd, as men who idly dream'd;
His ſervice laugh'd at, and his Son blaſphem'd?
Are Debauchees in Morals to preſide?
Is Faith to take an Atheiſt for her guide?
Is Science by a Blockhead to be led?
Are States to totter on a Drunkard's head?
To anſwer all theſe purpoſes, and more,
More black than ever Villain plann'd before,
Search Earth, ſearch Hell, the Devil cannot find
An Agent, like LOTHARIO, to his mind.

Is this Nobility, which, ſprung from Kings,
Was meant to ſwell the pow'r from whence it ſprings?
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which Nature hop'd from ſo rich a root?
Were there but tw[illegible] all the world around)
Were there bu[illegible] obles to be found,
The very [illegible] ink into a term
Of ſc[illegible] would rather be a worm
Tha[illegible]; but Nature, full of grace,
Nor mea[illegible] birth, and titles to debaſe,

Made only One, and, having made him, ſwore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more.
Nor ſtopp'd ſhe there, but, like a gen'rous friend,
The ills which Error caus'd, ſhe ſtrove to mend,
And, having brought LOTHARIO forth to view,
To ſave her credit, brought forth SANDWICH too.

Gods! with what joy, what honeſt joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art,
Of ev'ry art which great Ones in the ſtate
Practice on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To Titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that Virtues can deſcend,
Do I behold (a ſight alas! more rare
Than honeſty could wiſh) the Noble wear
His Father's honours, when his life makes known,
They're his by Virtue, not by birth alone,
When he recalls his Father from the grave,
And pays with int'reſt back the fame he gave,
Cur'd of her ſplenetic and ſullen fits,
To ſuch a Peer my willing ſoul ſubmits,
And to ſuch virtue is more proud to yield
Than 'gainſt ten titled rogues to keep the field.

Such

Such (for that Truth e'en Envy ſhall allow)
Such WYNDHAM was, and ſuch is SANDWICH now.

O gentle MONTAGUE, in bleſſed hour
Didſt thou ſtart up, and climb the ſtairs of pow'r;
ENGLAND of all her fears at once was eas'd,
Nor, 'mongſt her many foes, was One diſpleas'd.
FRANCE heard the news, and told it *Couſin* SPAIN;
SPAIN heard, and told it *Couſin* FRANCE again;
The HOLLANDER relinquiſh'd his deſign
Of adding ſpice to ſpice, and mine to mine,
Of Indian villainies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native ſhore;
Aw'd by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth,
Shall blow from Eaſt to Weſt, from North to South)
The weſtern world ſhall yield us her increaſe,
And her wild ſons be ſoften'd into peace;
Rich Eaſtern M[illegible] ſhall exhauſt their ſtores,
And pour un[illegible] on Albion's ſhores,
Unbound[illegible]h from thoſe golden ſcenes,
And *all* [illegible] *nourable means*,
Some *honou*[illegible] *ief* ſhall hither ſteer,
To [illegible]ay our debts, and ſet the nation clear.

NABOBS themſelves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the Engliſh crown,
Shall freely as their King our King receive——
PROVIDED, *the Directors give them leave.*

Union at home ſhall mark each riſing year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of, tho' ſevere,
Envy her own deſtroyer ſhall become,
And Faction with her thouſand mouths be dumb,
With the meek Man thy Meekneſs ſhall prevail,
Nor with the ſpirited thy ſpirit fail,
Some to thy force of reaſon ſhall ſubmit,
And ſome be converts to thy princely Wit,
Rev'rence for Thee ſhall ſtill a Nation's cries,
A grand concurrence crown a grand exciſe,
And Unbelievers of the firſt degree
Who have no faith in God, have faith in Thee.

When a ſtrange jumble, whimſical and vain,
Poſſeſs'd the region of each heated brain,
When ſome were fools to cenſure, ſome to praiſe,
And all were mad, but mad in diff'rent ways;
Wht. Commonwealth's-men, ſtarting at the ſhade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,

Of

Of Tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
And with State-Bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;
When Others, ſtruck with Fancies not leſs vain,
Saw mighty Kings by their own ſubjects ſlain,
And; in each friend of Liberty and Law,
With horror big, a future CROMWELL ſaw;
Thy manly zeal ſtepp'd forth, bade diſcord ceaſe,
And ſung each jarring atom into peace.
LIBERTY, chear'd by thy all-chearing eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die,
And, patroniz'd by Thee, PREROGATIVE,
Shall, ſtriding forth at large, not die, but live,
Whilſt PRIVILEGE, hung betwixt earth and ſky,
Shall not well know, whether to live, or die.

When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And ſeem'd to totter, COMMERCE ſhiv'ring ſtood;
When CREDIT, building on a ſandy ſhore,
Saw the Sea ſwell, and heard the Tempeſt roar,
Heard death [illegible] blaſt, and in each wave
O[illegible] that ſhe ſaw her grave;
W[illegible]PERTY, transferr'd from hand to hand,
Weak'ned by change, crawl'd ſickly thro' the land;

When mutual Confidence was at at end,
And Man no longer could on Man depend;
Oppreſs'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of ſtate;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A Sponge was talk'd of as our only aid,
That to be ſav'd we müſt be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
Like England's better Genius, born to bleſs,
And ſnatch his ſinking country from diſtreſs,
Did'ſt Thou ſtep forth, and without ſail or oar,
Pilot the ſhatter'd veſſel ſafe to ſhore,
Nor ſhalt thou quit, 'till anchor'd firm and faſt,
She rides ſecure, and mocks the threat'ning blaſt!

Born in thy houſe, and in thy ſervice bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at the table fed,
By thy ſage counſels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern, than by precept taught,
Œconomy, her needful aid ſhall join
To forward, and compleat thy grand deſign,
And, warm to ſave, but yet with Spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.

Let

Let Friends of Prodigals ſay what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are Spendthrifts ſtill.
In vain have ſly and ſubtle Sophiſts tried
Private from public Juſtice to divide,
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together, and together die.
'Gainſt all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High Treaſon in the eye of Common Senſe,
To think a Stateſman ever can be known
To pay our debts, who will not pay his own.
But now, tho' late, now may we hope to ſee
Our debts diſcharg'd, our Credit fair and free,
Since rigid Honeſty, fair fall that hour,
Sits at the helm, and SANDWICH is in pow'r.
With what delight I view thee, wond'rous Man,
With what delight ſurvey thy ſterling plan,
That plan which All with wonder muſt behold,
And ſtamp thy age the only age of gold.

[illegible]iumphs here----That Diſcord fled,
[illegible]grief the hell where ſhe was bred;
[illegible]ainſt her Nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble ſcatter'd o'er the field,

Saw her beſt friends a ſtanding jeſt become,
Her Fools turn'd ſpeakers, and her Wits ſtruck dumb;
That our moſt bitter Foes (ſo much depends
On Men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
That our offended Friends (ſuch terror flows
From Men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That Credit, gaſping in the jaws of death,
And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
Grows ſtronger from diſeaſe; that Thou haſt ſav'd
Thy drooping Country; that thy name engrav'd
On plates of braſs defies the rage of time;
Than plates of braſs more firm, that ſacred Rime
Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
And gives Thee what the Muſe alone can give;
Theſe heights of Virtue, theſe rewards of Fame,
With thee in common other Patriots claim.

But, that poor ſickly SCIENCE, who had laid,
And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold ſhade,
By thoſe who knew her purpoſely forgot,
And made the jeſt of thoſe who knew her not,
Whilſt Ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd Pride,
Clad like a Prieſt, paſs'd by on t'other ſide,

Recover'd

Recover'd from her wretched ſtate, at length
Puts on new health, and cloathes herſelf with ſtrength,
To Thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand
Which rais'd, and gave her to poſſeſs the land.
This praiſe, tho' in a court, and near a throne,
This praiſe is thine, and thine, alas! alone.

With what fond rapture did the Goddeſs ſmile,
What bleſſings did ſhe promiſe to this Iſle,
What honour to herſelf, and length of reign!
Soon as ſhe heard, that Thou did'ſt not diſdain
To be her Steward; but what grief, what ſhame,
What rage, what diſappointment ſhook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will diſpute,
When Youth was inſolent, and Age was mute.

That Young Men ſhould be fools, and ſome wild few,
To Wiſdom deaf, be deaf to int'reſt too,
Mov'd [illegible]; but that Men, grown grey
In [illegible] Men who own'd the ſway
Of R[illegible] who ſtubbornly kept down,
[illegible]ng paſſion, Men who wore the gown,
[illegible]hat They ſhould croſs her will, That They ſhould dare
Againſt the cauſe of Int'reſt to declare,

That

That They ſhould be ſo abject and unwiſe,
Having no fear of loſs before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, ſcorning the ready means
Of being Vicars, Rectors, Canons, Deans,
With all thoſe honours which on Mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of ſtate,
That They ſhould dare a HARDWICK to ſupport,
And talk, within the hearing of a Court,
Of that vile beggar CONSCIENCE, who undone,
And ſtarv'd herſelf, ſtarves ev'ry wretched ſon;
This turn'd her blood to gall, This made her ſwear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward Sons who ſcorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on CAM's ungrateful ſhore,
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, which diſgrace
Her royalty of Nature, birth, and place,
Tho' DULLNESS there unrivall'd State *doth* keep,
Would ſhe at WINCHESTER with BURTON ſleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying ſcene
For ſomething ſtill more dull, and ſtill more mean,
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, ſhe would fly
Far, far beyond the ſearch of *Engliſh* eye,
And reign amongſt the SCOTS; to be a Queen
Is worth ambition, tho' in ABERDEEN.

O, ſtay

O ſtay thy flight, fair SCIENCE; what tho' ſome,
Some baſe-born children, Rebels are become,
All are not rebels; ſome are duteous ſtill,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy int'reſt is oppos'd by thoſe alone
Who either know not, or oppoſe their own.

Of Stubborn Virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
Marſhall'd by form, and by Diſcretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and SMITH is at their head,
Black SMITH of TRINITY; on Chriſtian ground
For Faith in Myſteries none more renown'd.

Next (for the beſt of cauſes now and then
Muſt beg aſſiſtance from the worſt of men)
Next, (if old Story lies not) ſprung from Greece,
Comes PANDARUS, but comes without his Niece.
Her, wretched Maid! committed to his truſt,
To a rank Letcher's coarſe and bloated luſt,
The arch, old, hoary Hypocrite had ſold,
And thought himſelf and her well damn'd for gold.

But

But (to wipe off ſuch traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a College bred,
No Woman knew, but thoſe which made their bed,
Who, planted Virgins on CAM's virtuous ſhore,
Continued ſtill Male Virgins at threeſcore,
Comes SUMPNER, wiſe, and chaſte as chaſte can be,
With LONG as wiſe, and not leſs chaſte than He.

Are there not Friends too, enter'd in thy cauſe,
Who, for thy ſake, defying penal Laws,
Were, to ſupport thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from JERSEY, and the ISLE of MAN?
Are there not PHILOMATHS of high degree
Who, always dumb before, ſhall ſpeak for thee?
Are there not PROCTORS, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in Embryo ſtill,
Who may, perhaps, in ſome ten years, or more,
Be aſcertain'd that Two and Two make four,
Or may a ſtill more happy method find,
And, taking One from Two, leave nought behind?

With ſuch a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
Were death to Manhood; better in the field

To

To leave our Carcaſes, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchaſe life on terms of Shame.
SACKVILLES alone anticipate defeat,
And, e'er they dare the battle, ſound retreat.

But if Perſuaſions ineffectual prove,
If Arguments are vain, nor Pray'rs can move,
Yet in thy bitterneſs of frantic woe,
Why talk of BURTON? why to SCOTLAND go?
Is there not OXFORD? ſhe with open arms
Shall meet thy wiſh, and yield up all her charms,
Shall for thy love her former loves reſign,
And jilt the baniſh'd STUARTS to be thine.

Bow'd to the yoke, and, ſoon as ſhe could read,
Tutor'd to get by heart the Deſpot's Creed,
She, of ſubjection proud, ſhall knee thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone,
She ſhall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor ſpeak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial ſway
If ſubjects none but juſt commands obey?
Then, and then only is obedience ſeen,
When, by command, they dare to all that's mean.

Hither

Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy ſtand,
Nor fail to bring thy SANDWICH in thy hand.

Gods, with what joy (for Fancy now ſupplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)
Gods, with what joy I ſee the Worthies meet,
And Brother LITCHFIELD, Brother SANDWICH greet!
Bleſt be your greetings, bleſt each dear embrace,
Bleſt to yourſelves, and to the human race.
Sick'ning at Virtues, which ſhe cannot reach,
Which ſeem her baſer nature to impeach,
Let ENVY, in a whirlwind's boſom hurl'd,
Outrageous, ſearch the corners world,
Ranſack the preſent times, look back to paſt,
Rip up the future, and confeſs at laſt,
No times, paſt, preſent, or to come, could e'er
Produce, and bleſs the world with ſuch a pair.

PHILLIPS, the good old PHILLIPS, out of breath,
Eſcap'd from MONMOUTH, and eſcap'd from death,
Shall hail his SANDWICH, with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the Common-weal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart, and bleſs'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cauſe of Rebels hung.

Whilſt

Whilſt Womanhood, in habit of a Nun,
At M——'—— lies, by backward Monks undone;
A nation's reck'ning, like an ale-houſe ſcore,
Whilſt PAUL *the aged* chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to caſt it up;
——, ſhall pour, from a Communion Cup,
Libations to the Goddeſs without eyes,
And *bob* or *nob* in Cyder and Exciſe.

From thoſe deep ſhades, where VANITY, unknown,
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone,
Curs'd in herſelf, by her own thoughts undone,
Where ſhe ſees all, but can be ſeen by none,
Where ſhe no longer, Miſtreſs of the ſchools,
Hears Praiſe loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
Or hears it at a diſtance, in deſpair
To join the croud, and put in for a ſhare,
Twiſting each thought a thouſand diff'rent ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praiſe,
Where frugal Senſe ſo very fine is ſpun,
It ſerves twelve hours, tho' not enough for one,
KING ſhall ariſe, and, burſting from the dead,
Shall hurl his *piebald* Latin at thy head.

BURTON

BURTON (whilſt aukward Affectation's hung
In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
Who 'gainſt their will makes Junior Blockheads ſpeak,
Ign'rant of both, new Latin, and new Greek,
Not ſuch as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own;
Who threads, like beads, looſe thoughts on ſuch a ſtring,
Their Praiſe, and Cenſure; Nothing, Ev'ry-thing;
Pantomine thoughts, and Stile ſo full of trick
They even make a MERRY-ANDREW ſick,
Thoughts all ſo dull, ſo pliant in their growth,
They're verſe, they're proſe, they're neither, and they're both)
Shall (tho' by Nature ever loth to praiſe)
Thy curious worth ſet forth in curious phraſe,
Obſcurely ſtiff, ſhall preſs poor Senſe to death,
Or in long periods, run her out of breath,
Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
ADAM could not have found a proper name,
Whilſt, beating out his features to a ſmile,
He hugs the baſtard brat, and calls it STILE.

Huſh'd be all Nature as the land of Death;
Let each Stream ſleep, and each Wind hold his breath,

Be

Be the Bells muffled, nor one ſound of care,
Preſſing for Audience, wake the ſlumb'ring air;
BROWNE comes—behold how cautiouſly he creeps——
How ſlow he walks, and yet how faſt he ſleeps——
E'en to thy praiſe in ſleep he ſhall agree;
He cannot wake, but he ſhall dream of Thee.

PHYSICK, her head with opiate Poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaſte matron Camphire bound,
PHYSICK, obtaining ſuccour from the pen,
Of her ſoft ſon, her gentle HEBERDEN,
If there are Men who can thy virtue know,
Yet ſpite of Virtue treat Thee as a foe,
Shall, like a *Scholar*, ſtop their rebel breath,
And in each RECIPE ſend *Claſſic* death.

So deep in knowledge, that few lines can ſound,
And plumb the bottom of that vaſt profound,
Few grave ones with ſuch gravity can think,
Or follow half ſo faſt as he can think,
With nice diſtinctions gloſſing o'er the text,
Obſcure with meaning, and in words perplext,
With ſubtleties on ſubtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide, and ſubdivide the mind,

Keeping the forwardneſs of Youth in awe,
The Scowling BLACKSTONE bears the train of Law.

DIVINITY, enrob'd in College fur,
In her right hand a *A New Court Kalendar*,
Bound like a Book of Pray'r, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn Thee in the gates.

LOYALTY, fix'd on ISIS' alter'd ſhore,
A ſtranger long, but ſtranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes,
Brim full of rapture, view her new allies,
Shall with much pleaſure, and more wonder view
Men great at Court and great at Oxford too.

O Sacred LOYALTY! accurs'd be thoſe
Who ſeeming friends, turn out thy deadlieſt foes,
Who proſtitute to Kings thy honour'd name,
And ſoothe their paſſions to betray their fame;
Nor prais'd be thoſe, to whoſe proud Nature clings
Contempt of government, and hate of Kings,
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A ſtrange intemperance of zeal avow.

And

And ſtart at LOYALTY, as at a word
Which without danger FREEDOM never heard.

Vain errors of vain men——wild both extremes,
Alike to the ſtate not wholeſome, like the dreams,
Children of night, of Indigeſtion bred,
Which, Reaſon clouded, ſeize and turn the head;
LOYALTY without FREEDOM is a chain
Which Men of lib'ral notice can't ſuſtain,
And FREEDOM without LOYALTY, a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious ſhame.

Thine be the art, my SANDWICH, thine the toil,
In OXFORD's ſtubborn and untoward ſtile;
To rear this plant of Union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foſter'd into ſtrength,
Shooting aloft, all danger it defies,
And proudly lifts it branches to the ſkies,
Whilſt, Wiſdom's happy ſon, but not her ſlave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that ſhade, which thy own labours wrought,
And faſhion'd into ſtrength, ſhalt Thou repoſe,
Secure of lib'ral praiſe, ſince ISIS flows,

True to her TAME, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, luſt for TWEED,
And thoſe old wreaths, which OXFORD once dar'd twine,
To grace a STUART brow, ſhe plants on thine.

THE

THE

FAREWELL.

THE FAREWELL.

P. FAREWELL to Europe, and at once farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell,
To Eaſtern India now, a richer clime,
Richer, alas! in ev'ry thing but Rime,
The Muſes ſteer their courſe, and fond of change,
At large, in other Worlds, deſire to range,
Solv'd at leaſt, ſince they the fool muſt play,
Act in a diff'rent place, and way.

F. What whim is this, what errour of the brain,
What madneſs worſe than in the dog-ſtar's reign?

Why into foreign countries would You roam
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
If Satire be thy object, and thy lays
As yet have ſhewn no talents fit for praiſe,
If Satire by thy object, ſearch all round,
Nor to thy purpoſe can one ſpot be found
Like England, where to rampant vigour grown
Vice choaks up ev'ry Virtue, where, ſelf-ſown,
The ſeeds of Folly ſhoot forth rank and bold,
And ev'ry ſeed brings forth a hundred fold.

P. No more of this----tho' Truth (the more our ſhame
The more our guilt) tho' Truth perhaps may claim,
And juſtify her part in this, yet here,
For the firſt time, e'en Truth offends my ear.
Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
Take up the theme a new, when day's new-born,
I hear, and hate----be England what ſhe will,
With all her faults ſhe is my Country ſtill.

F. Thy Country, and what then? Is that mere word
Againſt the voice of Reaſon to be heard?
Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
To counter-act, and make thee hate the truth?

'Tis

'Tis the ſure-ſymptom of a narrow ſoul
To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
And take up with a part; Men, not confin'd
Within ſuch paltry limits, Men deſign'd
Their nature to exalt; where'er they go,
Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,
Where'er the bleſſed Sun, plac'd in the ſky
To watch this ſubject world, can dart his eye,
Are ſtill the ſame, and, prejudice out-grown,
Conſider ev'ry country as their own.
At one grand view They take in Nature's plan,
Not more at home in England, than Japan.

P. My good, grave Sir of Theory, whoſe wit,
Graſping at ſhadows, ne'er caught ſubſtance yet,
'Tis mighty eaſy o'er a glaſs of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boaſt of Apathy when out of pain,
And in each ſentence, worthy of the Schools,
Var[illegible]'d with ſophiſtry, to deal out rules
[illegible] practice, but for one poor fault
That [illegible]o practice they can ne'er be brought.

At

At home, and ſitting in your elbow-chair
You praiſe Japan, tho' you was never there.
But was the Ship this moment under ſail,
Would not your mind be chang'd, your Spirits fail,
Would you not caſt one longing eye to ſhore,
And vow to deal in ſuch wild ſchemes no more?
Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
Thoſe paſſions, which we cannot chuſe but feel,
There's a ſtrange Something, which without a brain
Fools feel, and which e'en wiſe men can't explain,
Planted in Man, to bind him to that earth,
In deareſt ties, from whence he drew his birth.

If Honour calls, where'er ſhe points the way,
The Sons of Honour follow, and obey;
If Need compels, wherever we are ſent,
'Tis want of courage not to be content;
But, if we have the liberty of choice,
And all depends on our own ſingle voice,
To deem of ev'ry Country as the ſame
Is rank rebellion 'gainſt the lawful claim
Of Nature, and ſuch dull indifference
May be PHILOSOPHY, but can't be SENSE.

F. Weak

F. Weak and unjuſt Diſtinction, ſtrange deſign,
Moſt peeviſh, moſt perverſe, to undermine
PHILOSOPHY, and throw her empire down
By means of SENSE, from whom ſhe holds her crown.
Divine PHILOSOPHY, to Thee we owe
All that is worth poſſeſſing here below;
Virtue and Wiſdom conſecrate thy reign,
Doubled each joy, and Pain no longer Pain.

When, like a Garden, where for want of toil,
And wholſome diſcipline, the rich, rank ſoil
Teems with incumbrances, where all around
Herbs noxious in their nature make the Ground
Like the good Mother of a thankleſs Son,
Curſe her own womb, by fruitfulneſs undone,
Like ſuch a garden, when the human ſoul,
Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of controul,
Brings forth thoſe paſſions of luxuriant race,
Which ſpread, and ſtifle ev'ry herb of grace,
Whilſt Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of ſcorn,
Sc[illegible]'ring on the bed where ſhe was born,
[illegible]HY ſteps in, with ſteady hand
[illegible]ings her aid, ſhe clears th' encumber'd land,

Too

Too virtuous, to ſpare Vice one ſtroke, too wiſe
One moment to attend to Pity's cries,
See with what Godlike; what relentleſs pow'r
She roots up ev'ry weed
P. and ev'ry flow'r.
PHILOSOPHY, a name of meek degree,
Embrac'd, in token of humility,
By the proud Sage, who, whilſt he ſtrove to hide,
In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride.
PHILOSOPHY, whom Nature had deſign'd
To purge all errours from the human mind,
Herſelf miſled by the Philoſopher,
At once her Prieſt and Maſter, made us err;
Pride, Pride, like leaven in a maſs of flour,
Tainted her laws, and made e'en Virtue ſowre.

Had ſhe, content within her proper ſphere,
Taught leſſons ſuited to the human ear,
Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament, but real uſe,
The heart of Man unrival'd ſhe had ſway'd;
Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd.

But when ſhe, overturning Reaſon's throne,
Strove proudly in its place to plant her own,
When ſhe with Apathy the breaſt would ſteel,
And teach us, 'deeply feeling, not to feel,
When ſhe would wildly all her force employ,
Not to correct our paſſions, but deſtroy,
When, not content our nature to reſtore,
As made by God, ſhe made it all new o'er,
When, with a ſtrange and criminal exceſs,
To make us more than Men, ſhe made us leſs,
The Good her dwindled Pow'r with pity ſaw,
The Bad with joy, and none but fools with awe.

Truth with a ſimple and unvarniſh'd tale,
E'en from the mouth of N—— might prevail,
Could ſhe get there; but Falſhood's ſugar'd ſtrain
Should pour her fatal Blandiſhments in vain,
Nor make one convert, tho' the Siren hung,
Where ſhe too often hangs, on M---- tongue.
Should all the SOPHS, whom in his courſe the Sun
[illegible]en, or paſt, or preſent, riſe in One,
Sh[illegible], whilſt pleaſure in each ſentence flows,
[illegible]LATO, give us Poetry in Proſe,

Should

Should He, full Orator at once impart
Th' ATHENIAN's Genius, with the ROMAN's Art,
Genius and Art ſhould in this inſtance fail,
Nor Rome tho' join'd with Athens here prevail.
'Tis not in Man, 'tis not in more than man
To make me find one fault in Nature's plan
Plac'd low ourſelves, we cenſure thoſe above,
And, wanting judgment, think that ſhe wants love,
Blame, where we ought in reaſon to commend,
And think her moſt a foe, when moſt a friend.
Such be PHILOSOPHERS——their ſpecious art,
Tho' Friendſhip pleads, ſhall never warp my heart;
Ne'er make me from this breaſt one paſſion tear,
Which Nature, my beſt friend, hath planted there.

F. Forgiving as a Friend, what, whilſt I live,
As a Philoſopher I can't forgive,
In this one point at laſt I join with You;
To Nature pay all that is Nature's due,
But let not clouded Reaſon ſink ſo low,
To fancy debts ſhe does not, cannot owe.
Bear, to full Manhood grown, thoſe ſhackles bear,
Which Nature meant us for a time to wear.

Let

As we [illegible]ading-ſtrings, which, uſeleſs grown,
Are laid aſide, when we can walk alone.
But on thyſelf, by peeviſh humour ſway'd,
Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid?
Wiſt Thou make faults, whilſt Judgment weakly errs,
And then defend, miſtaking them for her's?
Dar'ſt Thou to ſay, in our enlight'ned age,
That this grand Maſter Paſſion, this brave rage,
Which flames out for thy country, was impreſt,
And fix'd by Nature in the human breaſt?

If you prefer the place where you was born,
And hold all others in contempt and ſcorn
On fair Compariſon; If on that land
With lib'ral, and a more than equal hand
Her gifts, as in profuſion Plenty ſends;
If Virtue meets with more and better friends;
If Science finds a Patron 'mongſt the great;
If Honeſty is Miniſter of State;
If Pow'r the guardian of our rights deſign'd,
Is to that great, that only end confin'd;
If Riches are employ'd to bleſs the poor;
If Law is ſacred, Liberty ſecure;

Let

Let but theſe facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reaſon declares, thy Love can't be too great,
And, in this light could he our Country view,
A very HOTTENTOT muſt love it too.

But if, by Fate's decrees, you owe your birth
To ſome moſt barren and penurious earth,
Where, ev'ry comfort of this life denied,
Her real wants are ſcantily ſupplied,
Where Pow'r is Reaſon, Liberty a Joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke,
To fix thy love on ſuch a wretched ſpot
Becauſe, in luſt's wild fever there begot,
Becauſe, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy Mother dropt thee there,
Is Folly, which admits not of defence;
It can't be Nature, for it is not Senſe.
By the ſame argument which here you hold,
(When Falſhood's inſolent let Truth be bold)
If Propagation can in torments dwell,
A Devil muſt, if born there, love his hell.

P. Had Fate, to whoſe decrees I lowly bend,
And e'en in puniſhment confeſs a friend,

Ordained

Ordain'd my birth in ſome place yet untry'd,
On purpoſe made to mortify my pride,
Where the Sun never gave one glimpſe of day,
Where Science never yet could dart one ray,
Had I been born on ſome bleak, blaſted plain
Of barren Scotland, in a STUART's reign,
Or in ſome kingdom, where Men, weak or worſe,
Turn'd Nature's ev'ry bleſſing to a curſe,
Where crowns of Freedom, by the Fathers won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate Son,
In ſpite of all the wiſdom you diſplay,
All you have ſaid, and yet may have to ſay,
My weakneſs here, if weakneſs, I confeſs,
I, as my country, had not lov'd her leſs.

Whether ſtrict Reaſon bears me out in this,
Let thoſe who, always ſeeking, always miſs
The ways of Reaſon, doubt with precious zeal;
Their's be the praiſe to argue, mine to feel.
Wiſh we to trace this paſſion to the root,
We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,
From its rich ſtem ten thouſand virtues ſpring,
Ten thouſand bleſſings on its branches cling,

Yet in the circle of revolving years,
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence then, and what you Reaſon call adore;
This, if not Reaſon, muſt be ſomething more.

But (for I wiſh not others to confine,
Be their opinions unreſtrain'd as mine)
Whether this Love's of good, or evil growth,
A Vice, a Virtue, or a ſpice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide;
If it is virtuous, ſooth an honeſt pride
With lib'ral praiſe; if vicious, be content,
It is a Vice I never can repent;
A Vice which, weigh'd in Heav'n, ſhall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other ſcale.

F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which after all
We, Candour unimpeach'd, might madneſs call)
Is it a Virtue? that You ſcarce pretend;
Or can it be a Vice, like Virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and diſſolves the force
Of private ties, nay ſtops us in our courſe
To that grand object of the human ſoul,
That nobler Love which comprehends the whole.

Coop'd

Coop'd in the limits of this petty iſle,
This nook, which ſcarce deſerves a frown, or ſmile,
Weigh'd with Creation, You, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is ſcarce worth one.
The gen'rous Soul, by Nature taught to ſoar,
Her ſtrength confirm'd in Philoſophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with eaſe,
And, ſeeing all mankind, loves all ſhe ſees.

P. Was it moſt ſure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reaſon's Creed, tho' found in yours,
That theſe two ſervices, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together, that, however loth,
We neither ſerve, attempting to ſerve both,
I could not doubt a moment which to chuſe,
And which in common Reaſon to refuſe.

Invented oft for purpoſes of Art,
Born of the head, tho' father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world muſt be confeſt
A barren ſpeculation at the beſt.
Not one Man in a thouſand, ſhould he live
Beyond the uſual term of life, could give,

So rare Occaſion comes, and to ſo few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd, or true.

The Love we bear our Country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit,
'Tis in the mind an everlaſting Spring
Of glorious actions, which become a King
Nor leſs become a Subject; 'tis a debt
Which Bad men, tho' they pay not, can't forget;
A duty, which the Good delight to pay,
And ev'ry Man can practice ev'ry day.

Nor, for my life (ſo very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument) can I deſcry
What you with faith aſſert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my Country, can remove
And make me of neceſſity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Thoſe ties of private nature, ſmall extent,
In which the mind of narrow caſt is pent,
Are only ſteps on which the gen'rous ſoul
Mounts by degrees 'till ſhe includes the whole.
That ſpring of Love, which in the human mind,
Founded on ſelf, flows narrow and confin'd,

Enlarge

Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The ſocial Charities of blood, and friends,
'Till ſmaller ſtreams included, not o'erpaſt,
It riſes to our Country's love at laſt,
And He, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his Country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend, as You would appear to Common Senſe,
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from Your country?

P. Can the Son,
(Shame, Shame on all ſuch ſons) with ruthleſs eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, ſtand by,
And by ſome ruffian, from all ſhame divorc'd,
All Virtue, ſee his honour'd Mother forc'd!
Then, no, by Him that made me, not e'en then,
Could I with patience, by the worſt of Men,
Behold my Country plunder'd, beggar'd, loſt
Beyond Redemption, all her glories croſs'd
E'en when Occaſion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while ſhe awakes to ſhame.

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a Patron, to defend
Her ſinking ſtate, than baſely to decline
So great a cauſe, and in deſpair reſign?

P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilſt more able Patriots doubt, ſhe dies.
From a foul ſource, more deep than we ſuppoſe,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that Peace our glorious hopes defeats,
'Tis not the Voice of Faction in the ſtreets,
'Tis not a groſs attack on Freedom made,
'Tis not the arm of Privilege diſplay'd
Againſt the Subject, whilſt ſhe wears no ſting
To diſappoint the purpoſe of a King,
Theſe are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With thoſe, which are contriv'd, tho' not declar'd.

Tell me, Philoſopher, is it a crime
To pry into the ſecret womb of Time,
Or, born in ignorance, muſt we deſpair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it ſo----ſtill 'tis the right of Man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,

To

To former Times and Men his eye to caſt,
And judge of what's to come, by what is paſt.

Should there be found in ſome not diſtant year
(O how I wiſh to be no Prophet here)
Amongſt our Britiſh Lords ſhould there be found
Some great in Pow'r, in principles unſound,
Who look on Freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the ſprings of Loyalty are dry,
Who wiſh to ſoar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings,
Who would divide the people and the throne
To ſet up ſep'rate int'reſts of their own,
Who hate whatever aids their wholſome growth,
And only join with, to deſtroy them both,
Should there be found ſuch men in after-times,
May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
Allot ſome milder vengeance, nor to them,
And to their rage this wretched land condemn.

Thou God above, on whom all States depend,
Who knoweſt from the firſt their riſe, and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the Book of Fate
When ruin muſt involve our equal ſtate,

When Law, alas! muſt be no more, and we,
To Freedom born, muſt be no longer free,
Let not a Mob of Tyrants ſeize the helm,
Nor titled upſtarts league to rob the realm,
Let not, whatever other ills aſſail,
A damned ARISTOCRACY prevail.
If, all too ſhort, our courſe of Freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleaſure, we ſhould be undone,
Let us, ſome comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be ſlaves to one, and be that one a King.

F. Poets, accuſtom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft ſubſtitute creations of the brain
For real ſubſtance, and, themſelves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your caſe----but grant, to ſooth your pride,
That You know more than all the world beſide,
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt,
Reſolv'd, and like a Man, at once ſpeak out,
Shew us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to enſure our ſafety, make us wiſe.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools ſtray;
The Proud will rather looſe than aſk their way;

To

To men of Senſe what needs it to unfold,
And tell a tale which they muſt know untold?
In the Bad, int'reſt warps the canker'd heart,
The Good are hood-wink'd by the tricks of art;
And whilſt arch, ſubtle Hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of diſcontent alive,
Whilſt They, with arts to honeſt men unknown,
Breed doubts between the People and the Throne,
Making us fear, where Reaſon never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themſelves paſs unſuſpected in diſguiſe,
And 'gainſt our real danger ſeal our eyes.

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded ſtand
On Shame's black roll, and ſtink thro' all the land.

P. That might ſome Courage, but no Prudence be;
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks,
But may not Judges ſometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your

F. Your Country's laws in doubt then you reject:

P. The Laws I love, the Lawyers I ſuſpect:
Amongſt twelve judges may not One be found,
(On bare, bare poſſibility I ground
This wholſome doubt) who may Enlarge, Retrench,
Create, and Uncreate, and from the Bench,
With winks, ſmiles, nods, and ſuch like paltry arts,
May work and worm into a jury's hearts,
Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of ſoul,
Cramp their high office, and their rights controul,
Who may, tho' Judge, turn Advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making Interpretation all the way,
In ſpite of Facts, his wicked will obey,
And, leaving Law without the leaſt defence,
May damn his Conſcience to approve his Senſe.

F. Whilſt, the true guardians of this charter'd land,
In full and perfect vigour, Juries ſtand,
A Judge in vain ſhall awe, cajole, perplex.

P. Suppoſe I ſhould be tried in MIDDLESEX.

To

F. To pack a Jury they will never dare.

P. There's no occaſion to pack Juries there.

F. 'Gainſt Prejudice all arguments are weak,
Reaſon herſelf without effect muſt ſpeak.
Fly then thy Country, like a Coward fly,
Renounce her int'reſt, and her laws defy.
But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Cannot thy miſbegotten Muſe lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the Butcher there?

P. Thy Counſel taken, what ſhould Satire do?
Where could ſhe find an object that is new?
Thoſe travell'd Youths, whom tender Mothers wean,
And ſend abroad to ſee, and to be ſeen,
With whom, leſt they ſhould fornicate, or worſe,
A Tutor's ſent by way of a dry nurſe,
Each of whom juſt enough of Spirit bears,
To ſhew our follies, and to bring home their's,
Have made all Europe's vices ſo well known,
They ſeem almoſt as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will

F. Will India for thy purpoſe better do?

P. In one reſpect at leaſt----there's ſomething New.

F. A harmleſs People, in whom Nature ſpeaks
Free and untainted, 'mongſt whom Satire ſeeks,
But vainly ſeeks, ſo ſimply plain their hearts,
One boſom where to lodge her poiſon'd darts.

P. From knowledge ſpeak You this, or doubt on doubt
Weigh'd and reſolv'd, hath Reaſon found it out?
Neither from Knowledge, nor by Reaſon taught,
You have Faith ev'ry where but where You ought.
India or Europe----What's there in a name?
Propenſity to vice in both the ſame,
Nature alike in both works for Man's good,
Alike in both by Man himſelf withſtood.
Nabobs, as well as thoſe who hunt them down,
Deſerve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debaſe
As any poliſh'd Prince of Chriſtian race.

F. Could You, a taſk more hard than You ſuppoſe,
Could You, in ridicule whilſt Satire glows,

Make

Make all their follies to the life appear,
'Tis ten to one You gain no credit here.
Howe'er well-drawn, the Picture after all,
Becauſe we know not the Original,
Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try.
And if Your obſervations ſterling hold,
If the Piece ſhould be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the ſide of Nature lean,
And, meaning nothing, ſomething ſeem to mean,
To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us ſomething that we know,
And from all honeſt men applauſe to win,
I'll groupe the Company, and put them in.

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by ſhame ſuppreſs'd,
Add not diſtreſs to thoſe too much diſtreſs'd.
Have They not, by blind Zeal miſled, laid bare
Thoſe ſores which never might endure the air?
Have They not brought their myſteries ſo low,
That what the Wiſe ſuſpected not, Fools know?
From their firſt riſe e'en to the preſent hour
Have They not prov'd their own abuſe of pow'r,

Made

Made it impoſſible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd,
Whilſt unſeduc'd by Miniſters, the throne
Regards our Intereſt, and knows it's own.

P. Should ev'ry other ſubject chance to fail,
Thoſe who have ſail'd, and thoſe who wiſh'd to ſail
In the laſt Fleet, afford an ample field
Which muſt beyond my hopes a harveſt yield.

F. On ſuch vile food Satire can never thrive,

P. She cannot ſtarve, if there was only CLIVE.

THE

TIMES.

THE TIMES.

THE Time hath been, a boyiſh, bluſhing Time,
When Modeſty was ſcarcely held a crime,
When the moſt Wicked had ſome touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face,
When Thoſe, who, in the cauſe of Sin grown grey,
Had ſerv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet ſo weak an awkward ſhame to feel,
And ſtrove that glorious ſervice to conceal;
We, better bred, and than our Sires more wiſe,
Such paultry narrowneſs of ſoul deſpiſe,
To Virtue ev'ry mean pretence diſclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our ſhame.

Time was, e'er Temperance had fled the realm;
E're Luxury ſat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's ſpace
Reſerv'd for buſineſs, or allow'd for grace;
E'er Vanity had ſo far conquer'd Senſe
To make us all wild rivals in expence,
To make one Fool ſtrive to outvye another,
And ev'ry coxcomb dreſs againſt his brother;
E'er baniſh'd Induſtry had left our ſhores,
And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
E're Idleneſs prevail'd ſole Queen in Courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for ſports;
E're each weak mind was with externals caught,
And Diſſipation held the place of Thought;
E're gambling Lords in Vice ſo far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the Sun look on;
E're a great Nation, not leſs juſt than free,
Was made a beggar by Œconomy;
E're rugged Honeſty was out of vogue,
E're Faſhion ſtamp'd her ſanction on the rogue;
Time was, that Men had conſcience, that they made
Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.

Wa-

Was One then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to ſhame;
Who dar'd abuſe, and falſify his truſt,
Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjuſt,
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at diſtance view'd,
He walk'd the crouded ſtreets in Solitude,
Nor could his rank, and ſtation in the land,
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O, might ſuch revive
To keep expiring honeſty alive)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd,
Not juſt thro' principle, be juſt thro' pride.

Our Times, more poliſh'd, wear a diff'rent face;
Debts are an Honour; Payment a diſgrace.
Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on Folly's liſt,
May gravely tell us Trade cannot ſubſiſt,
Nor all thoſe Thouſands who're in Trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt Man and Man is once deſtroy'd.
Why---be it ſo---We in that point accord,
But what is Trade, and Tradeſmen to a Lord?

Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradeſmen in his ear,

Of tradeſmen by his Villainy betray'd,
And, vainly ſeeking Juſtice, bankrupts māde.
What is't to FABER? Lordly as before,
He ſits at eaſe, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionleſs at ſtone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they ſtand, or only heard by Thoſe,
Thoſe ſlaves in Livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to FABER? he continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in ſtate.
The helpleſs Widow, wrung with deep deſpair,
In bitterneſs of ſoul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her ſtarving babes with ſtreaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the ſkies.
What is't to FABER? he ſtands ſafe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here,
And on his breaſt a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple braſs, which bears
The name of PRIVILEGE, 'gainſt vulgar awe;
He feels no Conſcience, and he fears no Law.

Nor think, acquainted with ſmall knaves alone,
Who have not ſhame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,

The

The great World hidden from thy reptile view,
That on ſuch Men, to whom Contempt is due,
Contempt ſhall fall, and their vile Author's name
Recorded ſtand thro' all the land of ſhame.
To---to his porch, like Perſians to the Sun,
Behold contending crowds of Courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All ſworn to keep his crimes in Countenance.
Nor wonder at it----They partake the charge,
As ſmall their Conſcience, and their debts as large.

Propp'd by ſuch Clients, and without controul
From all that's honeſt in the human ſoul,
In Grandeur mean, with inſolence unjuſt,
Whilſt none but knaves can praiſe, and Fools will truſt,
Careſs'd and Courted, FABER ſeems to ſtand
A mighty Pillar in a guilty land.
And (a ſad truth to which ſucceeding times
Will ſcarce give credit, when 'tis told in rimes)
Did not ſtrict Honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the Throne, did not true Piety,
(Who, link'd with Honour for the nobleſt ends,
Ranks none but honeſt Men amongſt her friends)

Forbid us to be cruſh'd with ſuch a weight,
He might in time be Miniſter of State.

But why enlarge on ſuch petty crimes?
They might have ſhock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as Nothing----We begin,
Where our Sires ended, and improve in Sin,
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In Vice, and Folly for our ſons to do.

Nor deem this cenſure hard; there's not a place
Moſt conſecrate to purpoſes of grace,
Which Vice hath not polluted; none ſo high,
But with bold pinion ſhe hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleaſure; none ſo low,
But ſhe hath crept into it, made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in Courts, in Camps ſhe reigns,
O'er ſober Citizens, and ſimple Swains,
E'en in our temples ſhe hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.

More to increaſe the horrour of our State,
To make her Empire laſting as 'tis great,

To

To make us in full-grown Perfection feel
Curſes which neither Art, nor Time can heal,
All ſhame diſcarded, all remains of Pride,
MEANNESS ſits crown'd, and triumphs by her ſide.
MEANNESS, who gleans out of the human mind
Thoſe few good ſeeds which Vice had left behind,
Thoſe ſeeds which might in time to Virtue tend,
And leaves the Soul without a pow'r to mend;
MEANNESS, at ſight of whom, with brave diſdain
The breaſt of Manhood ſwells, but ſwells in vain,
Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her ſeat;
MEANNESS which, like that mark by bloody CAIN
Borne in his forehead for a brother ſlain,
God, in his great and all-ſubduing rage,
Ordains the ſtanding mark of this vile age.

The venal Heroe trucks his fame for gold,
The Patriot's virtue for a place is ſold,
The ſtateſman bargains for his Country's ſhame,
And for preferment Prieſts their God diſclaim.
Worn out with luſt, her day of letch'ry o'er,
The Mother trains the Daughter which ſhe bore

In her own paths; The Father aids the plan,
And, when the Innocent is ripe for Man,
Sells her to ſome old Letcher for a wife,
And makes her an Adultereſs for life,
Or in the papers bids his name appear,
And adverтiſes for a L--------;
Huſband and Wife (whom Av'rice muſt applaud)
Agree to ſave the charge of Pimp and Bawd;
Theſe parts they play themſelves, a frugal pair,
And ſhare the infamy, the gain to ſhare,
Well-pleas'd to find, when They the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue ſo well.

Nor are theſe things (which might imply a ſpark
Of ſhame ſtill left) tranſacted in the dark.
No---to the Public they are open laid,
And carried on like any other trade,
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkneſs in a cloud,
In fulleſt vigour Vice maintains her ſway;
Free are her Marts, and open at noon-day.
MEANNESS, now wed to IMPUDENCE, no more
In darkneſs ſkulks, and trembles, as of yore,

When

When the Light breaks upon her coward eye;
Boldly ſhe ſtalks on earth, and to the ſky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears leſt time abate,
And turn her Huſband's love to canker'd hate,
Since Fate, to make them more ſincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with MOUNTAGUE their ſon.
A Son, ſo like his Dam, ſo like his Sire,
With all the Mother's craft, the Father's fire,
An Image ſo expreſs in every part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had They fifty children, He alone
Would ſtand as Heir Apparent to the throne.

With our own Iſland vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the Continent,
Dance Europe round, and viſit ev'ry court,
To ape their follies and their crimes import.
To diff'rent lands for diff'rent ſins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargoe home,
Nobly induſtrious to make vice appear
In her full State, and perfect only here.

To HOLLAND, where Politeneſs ever reigns,
Where primitive Sincerity remains,

And

And makes a ſtand, where Freedom in her courſe
Hath left her name, tho' ſhe hath loſt her force
In that, as other lands, where ſimple Trade
Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd,
Where, like a ſmiling Cherub, Mercy, led
By Reaſon, bleſſes the ſweet-blooded race,
And Cruelty could never find a place,
To HOLLAND for that Charity we roam,
Which happily begins, and ends at home.

FRANCE, in return for peace to pow'r reſtor'd,
For all thoſe Countries, which the Heroe's ſword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;
FRANCE hath afforded large and rich ſupplies
Of Vanities full-trimm'd, of poliſh'd lies,
Of ſoothing flatteries, which thro' the ears
Steal to, and melt the heart, of ſlaviſh fears
Which break the Spirit, and of abject fraud----
For which alas! we need not ſend abroad.

SPAIN gives us Pride----which SPAIN to all the earth,
May largely give, nor fear herſelf a dearth----

Gives

Gives us that Jealouſy, which, born of fear
And mean diſtruſt, grows not by Nature here----
Gives us that Superſtition, which pretends
By the worſt means to ſerve the beſt of ends----
That Cruelty, which, ſtranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the Coward, and the Slave,
That Cruelty, which led her Chriſtian bands
With more than ſavage rage o'er ſavage lands,
Bade her without remorſe whole countries thin,
And hold of nought, but Mercy, as a ſin.

ITALIA, nurſe of ev'ry ſofter art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart,
Who lays the realms of Senſe and Virtue waſte,
Who marrs whilſt ſhe pretends to mend our taſte,
ITALIA, to compleat and crown our ſhame,
Sends us a Fiend, and LEGION is his name.
The Farce of greatneſs, without being great,
Pride without Pow'r, Titles without Eſtate,
Sound without vigour, Bodies without force,
Hate without cauſe, Revenge without remorſe,
Dark, mean Revenge, Murder without defence,
Jealouſy without Love, Sound without Senſe,

Mirth

Mirth without Humour, without Wit Grimace,
Faith without Reaſon, Goſpel without Grace,
Zeal without Knowledge, without Nature Art,
Men without Manhood, Women without Heart,
Half-Men, who, dry and pithleſs, are debarr'd
From Man's beſt joys----no ſooner made than marr'd----
Half-Men, whom many a rich and *noble* Dame,
To ſerve her luſt, and yet ſecure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as We Capons feed,
To glut our appetites at laſt decreed;
Women, who dance, in poſtures ſo obſcene,
They might awaken ſhame in ARETINE,
Who, when, retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the myſteries of the night,
Might make the Muſes, in a corner plac'd
To view their monſtrous luſts, deem SAPPHO chaſte;
Theſe, and a thouſand follies rank as theſe,
A thouſand faults, ten thouſand Fools, who pleaſe
Our pall'd and ſickly taſte, ten thouſand knaves
Who ſerve our foes as ſpies, and us as ſlaves,
Who by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear
Madly we entertain, at the expence
Of Fame, of Virtue, Taſte, and Common-Senſe.

Nor

Nor ſtop we here----the ſoft luxurious EAST,
Where Man, his ſoul degraded, from the Beaſt
In nothing diff'rent but in ſhape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
Arrests our eye, and flowing from that ſource,
Sins of the blackeſt character, Sins worſe
Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
Would make the beſt blood in my veins run cold,
And ſtrike all Manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of ſhame,
Sins, if ſuch Sins can be, which ſhut out grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place
E'en in God's mercy, Sins 'gainſt Nature's plan
Poſſeſs the land at large, and Man for Man
Burn in thoſe fires, which Hell alone cold raiſe
To make him more than damn'd, which, in the days
Of puniſhment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures ſhe can ſcarce repay.

By Grace ſhut out, be Mercy deaf, let God
With tenfold terrours arm that dreadful nod
Which ſpeaks them loſt, and ſentenc'd to deſpair;
Diſtending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare

For

For Thoſe who thus offend amongſt Mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
On Earth, which groans beneath their monſtrous weight,
On Earth, alas! They meet a diff'rent fate,
And whilſt the laws, falſe grace, falſe mercy ſhow,
Are taught to wear a ſoftneſs not their own,
Men, whom the Beaſts would ſpurn, ſhould they appear
Amongſt the honeſt herd, find refuge here.

No longer by vain fear, or ſhame controul'd
From long, too long ſecurity grown bold,
Mocking reſtraint, they brave it in our ſtreets,
And LUMLEY e'en at noon his miſtreſs meets.
So publick in their crimes, ſo daring grown,
They almoſt take a pride to have them known,
And each unnat'ral Villain ſcarce endures
To make a ſecret of his vile amours.
Go where We will, at ev'ry time and place,
SODOM confronts, and ſtares us in the face;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honeſt Whores.
Thoſe who are mean high Paramours ſecure,
And the rich guilty ſcreen the guilty poor;

The

The Sin too proud to feel from Reaſon awe,
And Thoſe, who practiſe it, too great for Law.

Woman, the pride and happineſs of Man,
Without whoſe ſoft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and Life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,
With ſofteſt arts, and ſure, tho' hidden ſkill,
To humanize, and mould us to her will;
Woman, with more than common grace form'd *here*,
With the perſuaſive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our Iſle,
Or win us to her purpoſe with a ſmile;
Woman, by fate the quickeſt ſpur decreed,
The faireſt, beſt reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the ſtamp of honour, at whoſe name
Our antient Heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilſt o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcaſes of Princes ſlain,
Confuſion proudly ſtrode, whilſt Horrour blew
The fatal trump, and Death ſtalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
As having loſt its uſe; No more the Eye

With

With *female* beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
No more the Heart, that ſeat where Love reſides,
Each breath drawn quick and ſhort, in fuller tides
Life poſting thro' the veins, each pulſe on fire,
And the whole body tingling with deſire,
Pants for thoſe charms, which Virtue might engage
To break his vow, and thaw the froſt of age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muſcle ſtrain,
And giving pleaſure which is almoſt pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleaſure we muſt have a GANYMEDE,
A fine, freſh HYLAS, a delicious boy,
To ſerve our purpoſes of beaſtly joy.

Faireſt of Nymphs, where ev'ry Nymph is fair,
Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
And both declar'd moſt worthy to be lov'd,
------- neglected wanders, whilſt a croud
Purſue, and conſecrate the ſteps--------
She, hapleſs maid, born in a wretched hour,
Waſtes life's gay prime in vain, like ſome fair flow'r.

Sweet

Sweet in its ſcent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the ſtalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncropp'd, whilſt He, admir'd, careſs'd,
Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome gueſt,
With Dames of rank and fortune plays the Whore,
For this unnat'ral luſt a Common Sew'r.

Dine with APICIUS—at his ſumptuous board
Find all, the world of dainties can afford—
And yet (ſo much diſtemper'd Spirits pall
The ſickly appetite) amidſt them all
APICIUS finds no joy, but, whilſt he carves
For ev'ry gueſt, the Landlord ſits and ſtarves.

The foreſt Haunch, fine, fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, ſmokes before his eye,
But ſmokes in vain; his heedleſs eye runs o'er
And loathes what He had deified before;
The Turtle, of a great and glorious ſize,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize
For which a Man of Taſte all riſques would run,
Itſelf a feaſt, and ev'ry diſh in one,
The Turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dreſs'd by QUIN;

In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;
As QUIN hath dreſt it, he may eat it too,
APICIUS cannot—When the glaſs goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roofs with mirth reſound,
Sober he ſits, and ſilent—all alone
Tho' in a croud, and to himſelf ſcarce known;
On grief he feeds, nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suſpend his cares, and make him ceaſe to pine.

Why mourns APICIUS *thus? why runs his eye,*
Heedleſs, o'er delicates, which from the ſky
Might call down Jove? Where now his gen'rous wiſh
That, to invent a new and better diſh,
The World might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roaſt a Phœnix at the fire?
Why ſwims that eye in tears, which, thro' a race
Of ſixty years, ne'er ſhew'd one ſign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before;
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his Stomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of ſorrow? hath Fate call'd
His Father from the grave to ſecond life?
Hath CLODIUS on his hands return'd his Wife,

Or

hath the Law, by ſtricteſt juſtice taught,
npell'd him to reſtore the dow'r ſhe brought?
h ſome bold Creditor againſt his will
ht in, and forc'd him to diſcharge a bill;
Whe[illegible] Eating had no ſhare? Hath ſome vain Wench
Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
Hath any rival Glutton got the ſtart
And beat him in his own luxurious art;
Bought cates for which APICIUS could not pay,
Or dreſt old dainties in a newer way?
Hath his Cook, worthy to be ſlain with rods,
Spoil'd a diſh, fit to entertain the Gods,
Or hath ſome Varlet, croſs'd by cruel fate,
Thrown down the price of Empires in a plate?

None, none of theſe—his Servants all are try'd,
So ſure they walk on ice, and never ſlide;
His Cook an acquiſition made in France,
Might put a CLOE out of countenance,
Nor, tho' old HOLLES ſtill maintains his ſtand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land;
Women are all the objects of his hate,
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his ſtate

In full ſecurity and triumph held,
Unleſs for once a Knave ſhould be expell'd;
His Wife is ſtill a Whore, and in his pow'r
The Woman gone, he ſtill retains the dow'r.
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mixt the draught, and kindly ſent him there)
His father ſleeps, and, 'till the laſt trump ſhake
The corners of the earth, ſhall not awake.

Whence flows this Sorrow then? behind his chair
Did'ſt Thou not ſee, deck'd with a Solitaire
Which on his bare breaſt glitt'ring play'd and grac'd
With niceſt ornaments, a Stripling plac'd,
A Smooth, Smug, Stripling, in life's faireſt prime?
Did'ſt Thou not mind too, how from time to time,
The monſtrous Letcher, tempted to deſpiſe
All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
How He ſeem'd inly to reproach us all,
Who ſtrove his fix'd attention to recall,
And how he wiſh'd, e'en at the Time of grace,
Like JANUS, to have had a double face?
His cauſe of grief behold in that fair Boy;
APICIUS dotes, and CORYDON is coy.

Vain

Vain and unthinking Stripling! When the glaſs
...ts thy too curious eye, and, as You paſs,
...t'ring, preſents in ſmiles thy image there,
Wh... doſt Thou bleſs the Gods, who made Thee fair?
Blam... their large bounties, and with reaſon blame;
Curſe, ...urſe thy beauty, for it leads to ſhame.
When thy hot Lord, to work Thee to his end,
Bids ſhow'rs of gold into thy breaſt deſcend,
Suſpect his gifts, nor the vile giver truſt;
They're baits for Virtue, and ſmell ſtrong of luſt.
On thoſe gay, gaudy trappings, which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with ſcorn,
View them with horrour, they pollution mean
And deepeſt ruin; Thou haſt often ſeen,
From 'mongſt the herd, the faireſt and the beſt
Carefully ſingled out, and richly dreſt,
With grandeur mock'd, for ſacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at laſt to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threat'ned danger ſhun,
To ſtay a moment is to be undone.
What tho', temptation-proof, thy Virtue ſhine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine,
All other methods failing, one reſource
Is ſtill behind, and Thou muſt yield to force.

Paint to thyſelf the horrors of a rape,
Moſt ſtrongly paint, and, while Thou can'ſt eſcape,
Mind not his promiſes—They're made in ſport—
Made to be broke—Was He not bred at Court?
Truſt not his Honour, He's a Man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths—They're made on earth,
Not regiſter'd in Heav'n—He mocks at grace,
And in his Creed God never found a place—
Look not for Conſcience—for He knows her not,
So long a Stranger, ſhe is quite forgot—
Nor think thyſelf in Law ſecure and firm—
Thy Maſter is a Lord, and Thou a worm,
A poor mean Reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well ſupplied with meat and drink,
And ſuffer'd juſt to crawl from place to place,
Muſt ſerve his luſts, and think he does Thee grace.

Fly then, whilſt yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly,
But whither can'ſt Thou go? on whom rely
For wiſh'd protection? Virtue's ſure to meet
An armed hoſt of foes, in ev'ry ſtreet.
What boots it, of APICIUS fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of STONE,

Or

why take refuge in the houſe of pray'r,
ſure to meet with an APICIUS there?
Truſt not Old Age, which will thy faith betray;
Saint SOCRATES is ſtill a Goat, tho' grey;
Truſt not green Youth; FLORIO will ſcarce go down,
And, at eighteen, hath ſurfeited the Town;
Truſt not to Rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
They take up raking only as a fence
'Gainſt Common Fame—place H—— in thy view;
He keeps one Whore as BARROWBY kept two;
Truſt not to Marriage—T—— took a Wife;
Who chaſte as Dian might have paſs'd her life,
Had ſhe not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,
And ſave expiring titles) taken care
Without his knowledge to provide an heir;
Truſt not to Marriage, in Mankind unread;
S——'s a married man, and S—— new wed.

Would'ſt Thou be ſafe? Society forſwear,
Fly to the deſart, and ſeek ſhelter there,
Herd with the Brutes—they follow Nature's plan—
There's not one Brute ſo dangerous as Man

In Afric's wilds—'mongſt them that refuge find,
Which Luſt denies thee here among Mankind;
Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain Pride on Manhood, on all for
Walk, as You ſee thoſe honeſt creatures do,
And quite forget that once You walk'd on Two.

But, if the thoughts of Solitude alarm,
And ſocial life hath one remaining charm,
If ſtill Thou art to Jeopardy decreed
Amongſt the monſters of AUGUSTA's breed,
Lay by thy ſex, thy ſafety to procure;
Put off the Man, from Men to live ſecure;
Go forth a Woman to the public view,
And with their garb aſſume their manners too.
Had the *light-footed* GREEK of Chiron's ſchool
Been wiſe enough to keep this ſingle rule,
The Maudlin Heroe, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his play-thing, on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his Minion in his Miſtreſs' room.
Be not in this than Catamites more nice,
Do that for Virtue, which they do for vice.

Thus ſhalt Thou paſs untainted life's gay bloom
id uncourted in the drawing-room,
ght thus, untempted, walk the ſtreet,
no danger but of being beat.

Where is the Mother, whoſe officious zeal
Diſcreetly judging what her Daughters feel
By what ſhe felt herſelf in days of yore,
Againſt that Letcher Man makes faſt the door,
Who not permits, e'en for the ſake of pray'r,
A Prieſt, uncaſtrated, to enter there,
Nor (could her wiſhes, and her care prevail)
Would ſuffer in the houſe a fly that's male?
Let her diſcharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if They would, be Whores,
Nor can a man be found, as Times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them ſo.

Tho' they more freſh, more lively than the Morn,
And brighter than the noon-day Sun, adorn
The works of Nature, tho' the Mother's grace
Revives improv'd, in ev'ry Daughter's face,
Undiſciplin'd in dull Diſcretion's rules,
Untaught, and Undebauch'd by Boarding Schools,

Free

Free and unguarded, let Them range the Town,
Go forth at random, and run pleaſure down;
Start where ſhe will, diſcard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.
Watch not their ſteps—They're ſafe without thy care,
Unleſs, like Jennets, they conceive by air,
And ev'ry one of them may die a Nun,
Unleſs they breed, like Carrion, in the Sun.
Men, dead to pleaſure, as they're dead to grace,
Againſt the law of Nature ſet their face,
The grand primœval law, and ſeem combin'd
To ſtop the propagation of Mankind;
Vile Pathicks read the Marriage Act with pride,
And fancy that the Law is on their ſide.

Broke down, and Strength a ſtranger to his bed,
Old L——— tho' yet alive, is dead;
T—— lives no more, or lives not to our Iſle;
No longer bleſt with a Cz———'s ſmile
T——— is at P——— diſgrac'd,
And M——— grown grey, perforce grows chaſte;
Nor to the credit of our modeſt race,
Riſes one Stallion to ſupply their place.

A Maid-

A Maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December, the rank Fly would blow
Tho' cloſely kept, *now*, when the Dog-Star's heat
Enflames the marrow, in the very ſtreet
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by Thoſe
Who dainſily paſs by, and hold their noſe.
Poor, plain Concupiſcence is in diſgrace,
And ſimple Letch'ry dares not ſhew her face
Leſt ſhe be ſent to Bridewell; Bankrupts made,
To ſave their fortunes, Bawds leave of that trade,
Which firſt had left off them; to *Well-cloſe Square*
Fine, freſh, young Strumpets (for DODD preaches there)
Throng for ſubſiſtence; Pimps no longer thrive,
And Penſions only keep L—— alive.

Where is the Mother, who thinks all her pain,
And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
When a Man Child is born, thinks ev'ry pray'r,
Paid to the full, and anſwer'd in an heir?
Short-ſighted Woman! little doth ſhe know
What ſtreams of ſorrow from that ſource may flow,
Little ſuſpect, while ſhe ſurveys Boy,
Her young NARCISSUS, with an eye of joy

Too

Too full for Continence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curſe, that ſhe may live,
E'e ſixteen Winters their ſhort courſe have run,
In agonies of ſoul, to curſe that Son.

Pray then for Daughters, Ye wiſe Mothers, pray;
They ſhall reward your love, not make ye grey
Before your time with ſorrow; they ſhall give
Ages of peace and comfort, whilſt Ye live,
Make life moſt truly worth your care, and love,
In ſpite of death, your mem'ries from the grave.

That Senſe, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That Fortitude of Soul, that ſtretch of Thought,
That Genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of Earth's low walk, that Judgment perfect found,
When wanted moſt, that purity of Taſte,
Which, Critics mention by the name of chaſte;
Adorn'd with Elegance, that eaſy flow
Of ready Wit, which never made a foe,
That Face, that Form, that Dignity, that Eaſe,
Thoſe pow'rs of pleaſing with that will to please,
By which LEPEL, when in her youthful days
E'en from the curriſh Pope extorted praiſe,

We

We ſee, tranſmitted, in her daughter ſhine
And view a new LEPEL in CAROLINE.

Is a ſon born into this world of woe?
In never-ceaſing ſtreams let ſorrow flow,
Be from that hour the houſe with ſables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
E'en from the moment that he firſt began
To wail and whine, let him not ſee a man.
Lock, Lock him up, far from the puplic eye,
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought; B——, tho' rich, was ſold,
And gave his body up to ſhame for gold.

Let it be bruited all about the Town,
That He is coarſe, indelicate and brown,
An Antidote to Luſt, his Face deep ſcar'd
With the Small Pox, his body maim'd and marr'd,
Eat up with the King's-evil, and his blood,
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells Corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running ſore.
Should'ſt Thou report him as by Nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praiſe betray'd;

Give

Give him out fair, Letcher in number more
More brutal and more fierce, than thron'd
Of LOT in SODOM, shall to thine repair,
And force a passage, tho' a God is there.

Let him not have one Servant that is male;
Where Lords are baffled, Servants oft prevail.
Some vices They propose, to all agree;
H—— was guilty, but was M—— free?

Give him no Tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than trust his morals to Monk——
Monks we all know——We, who have liv'd at home,
From fair report, and Travellers, who roam,
More feelingly—nor trust him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For base designs; Ourselves have liv'd to see
More than one Parson in the Pillory.
Should He have Brothers, (Image to thy view
A Scene, which, tho' not public made, is true)
Let not one Brother be to t'other known,
Nor let his Father sit with him alone.

Be all his Servants, Female, Young, and Fair,
And if the Pride of Nature ſour thy heir
To deeds of Venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get ſome ſcore of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; Whoredom is a crime,
Which, more at this, than any other time,
Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongſt ſuch a race,
To have a baſtard is ſome ſign of grace.

Born in ſuch times, ſhould I ſit tamely down,
Suppreſs my rage, and ſaunter thro' the town
As One who knew not, or who ſhar'd theſe crimes?
Should I at leſſer evils point my rhimes,
And let this Giant Sin, in the full eye
Of Obſervation, paſs unwounded by?
Tho' our meek Wives, paſſive Obedience taught,
Patiently bear thoſe wrongs, for which They ought,
With the brave Spirit of their dams poſſeſs'd,
To plant a dagger in each huſband's breaſt,
To cut off male increaſe from this fair Iſle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Tho', on his Sunday, the ſmug PULPITEER,
Loud 'gainſt all other crimes is ſilent here,

And

And thinks himſelf abſolv'd in the pretence
Of Decency, which meant for the defence
Of real Virtue, and to take her price,
Becomes an Agent for the cauſe of Vice;
Tho' the Law ſleeps, and thro' the care They take
To drug her well, may never more awake;
Born in ſuch times, nor with that patience curſt
Which Saints may boaſt of, I muſt ſpeak, or burſt.

But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice, and chaſter ear,
If, all unguarded, all too rude, I ſpeak,
And call up bluſhes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, Ye Fair—my real motives view,
And to forgiveneſs add your praiſes too.
For You I write—nor wiſh a better plan,
The Cauſe of Woman is moſt worthy Man—
For You I ſtill will write, nor hold my hand,
Whilſt there's one ſlave of SODOM in the land.

Let them fly far, and ſkulk from place to place,
Not daring to meet Manhood face to face,
Their ſteps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where They may hide their heads, or reſt their feet,

Till

'Till God in wrath ſhall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile this Town expire,
Her Tow'rs in duſt, her Thames a lake of fire,
Or They (moſt worth our wiſh) convinc'd, tho' late,
Of their paſt crimes, and dangerous eſtate,
Pardon of Women with Repentance buy,
And learn to honour them, as much as I.

INDEPENDENCE.

INDEPENDENCE.

HAPPY the *Bard* (tho' few ſuch *Bards* we find)!
Who, 'bove controulment, dares to ſpeak his mind,
Dares, unabaſh'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear.
Him Faſhion cannot tempt, him abject Need
Cannot compel, him Pride cannot miſlead
To be the ſlave of greatneſs, to ſtrike ſail,
When, ſweeping onward with her Peacock's tail,
QUALITY, in full plumage, paſſes by;
He views h[illegible] with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the Puppet, keeps his own due ſtate,
And is above converſing with the great.

Periſh thoſe Slaves, thoſe minions of the quill,
Who have conſpir'd to ſeize that ſacred hill
Where the nine Siſters pour a genuine ſtrain,
And ſunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean, private views, and ſervile art,
No ſpark of Virtue living in their heart,
Have baſely turn'd Apoſtates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have diſgrac'd,
Like ELI's Sons, the altars where they ſtand,
And caus'd their name to ſtink thro' all the land,
Have ſtoop'd to proſtitute their venal pen,
For the ſupport of great, but guilty men,
Have made the Bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a *Lord*.

What is a *Lord?* Doth that plain, ſimple word
Contain ſome magic ſpell? as ſoon as heard,
Like an Alarum Bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth it ſtrike louder, and more ſtrong appear
Than other Words? whether we will or no,
Thro' Reaſon's Court doth it unqueſtion'd go
Ev'n on the mention, and of courſe tranſmit
Notions of ſomething excellent, of

Pleaſing

Pleaſing, tho' keen, of Humour free, tho' chaſte,
Sterling Genius with ſound Judgment grac'd.
Virtue far above temptation's Reach,
And Honour, which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas NATURE's firſt intent,
Before their rank became their puniſhment,
They ſhould have paſs'd for Men, nor bluſh'd to prize
The bleſſings ſhe beſtow'd—ſhe gave them eyes,
And They could ſee—ſhe gave them ears—they heard—
The Inſtruments of ſtirring, and they ſtirr'd—
Like Us; they were deſign'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think.
'Till They, by Pride corrupted, for the ſake
Of Singularity, diſclaim'd that make,
'Till They, diſdaining Nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and ſtruck into another road.
More fitting *Quality*, and to our view
Came forth a Species altogether new,
Something We had not known, and could not know,
Like nothing of God's making here below,
NATURE exclaim'd with wonder—*Lords* are Things,
Which, never made by Me, were made by Kings.

A *Lord* (nor let the honeſt, and the brave,
The true; Old Noble, with the Fool and Knave
Here mix his fame; curſt be that thought of mine
Which with a B— and F— ſhould GRAFTON join)
A *Lord* (nor here let Cenſure raſhly call
My juſt contempt of ſome, abuſe of all,
And, as of *late*, when SODOM was my theme,
Slander my purpoſe, and my Muſe blaſpheme,
Becauſe ſhe ſtops not, rapid in her ſong,
To make exceptions as ſhe goes along,
Tho' well ſhe hopes to find, another year,
A whole MINORITY exceptions here)
A mere, mere *Lord*, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his Worth, and Title all his Fame,
Lives on another man, himſelf a blank,
Thankleſs he lives, or muſt ſome Grandſire thank,
For ſmuggled Honours, and ill-gotten pelf;
A *Bard* owes all to Nature, and Himſelf.

Gods, how my Soul is burnt up with diſdain,
When I ſee Men, whom PHOEBUS in his Train
Might view with pride, lacquey the heels of thoſe
Whom Genius ranks amongſt her greateſt foes!

And

nd what's the cauſe? why theſe ſame ſons of ſcorn,
hanks to them, were to a Title born,
ould not help it; by Chance hither ſent,
nd only Deities by accident.
Had fortune on our getting chanc'd to ſhine
Their birthright honours had been *your*'s or *mine*.
'Twas a mere random ſtroke, and ſhould the Throne
Eye Thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, tho' a Bard, might'ſt be their fellow yet,
But FELIX never can be made a Wit.
No, in good faith—that's one of thoſe few things
Which Fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of Kings.
Bards may be Lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn Lords into Bards.

A *Bard*—A *Lord*—Why let them hand in hand
Go forth as Friends, and travel thro' the land,
Obſerve which word the People can digeſt
Moſt readily, which goes to market beſt,
Which gets moſt credit, Whether Men will truſt
A *Bard* becauſe they think he may be juſt,
Or on a *Lord*, will chuſe to riſque their gains,
Tho' *Privilege* in that point ſtill remains.

A *Bard*

A *Bard*—A *Lord*—let REASON take her Scales,
And fairly weigh thoſe Words, ſee which prevails;
Which in the ballance lightly kicks the beam,
And which by ſinking, We the Victor deem.

'Tis done, and HERMES, by command of JOVE;
Summons a Synod in the ſacred grove,
Gods throng with Gods to take their chairs on high;
And ſit in ſtate the Senate of the Sky;
Whilſt, in a kind of parliament below,
Men ſtare at thoſe above, and want to know
What They're tranſacting; REASON takes her ſtand
Juſt in the midſt, a ballance in her hand;
Which o'er and o'er ſhe tries, and finds it true;
From either ſide, conducted full in view,
A Man comes forth, of figure ſtrange and queer;
We now and then ſee ſomething like them here.

The *firſt* was meagre, flimſy, void of ſtrength;
But Nature kindly hath made up in length,
What ſhe in breadth denied; Erect and proud,
A head and ſhoulders taller than the croud,
He deem'd them pigmies all; looſe hung his ſkin
O'er his bare bones; his Face ſo very thin;

So

So very narrow, and ſo much beat out,
That Phyſiognomiſts have made a doubt,
Proportion loſt, Expreſſion quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not;
At end of it howe'er, unbleſs'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd;
With Legs, which we might well conceive that Fate
Meant only to ſupport a ſpider's weight,
Firmly he ſtrove to tread, and with a ſtride
Which ſhew'd at once his weakneſs and his pride,
Shaking himſelf to pieces, ſeem'd to cry,
Obſerve, good People, how I ſhake the ſky.

In his right hand a Paper did He hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Diſtinct, and plain for thoſe who run to ſee,
Saint ARCHIBALD had wrote *L, O, R, D.*
This, with an air of ſcorn, He from afar
Twirl'd into REASON's ſcales, and on that Bar,
Which from his ſoul he hated, yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.
The Judge to all around his name declar'd;
Each Goddeſs titter'd, each God laugh'd, JOVE ſtar'd,

And

And the whole People cried, with one accord,
Good Heaven bleſs us all, is that a *Lord!*

Such was the *Firſt*—the *Second* was a man,
Whom Nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;
A *Bear*, whom from the moment he was born,
His Dam deſpis'd, and left *unlick'd* in ſcorn!
A *Babel*, which the pow'r of Art outdone,
She could not finiſh when ſhe had begun;
An utter *Chaos*, out of which no might
But that of God could ſtrike one ſpark of light.

Broad were his ſhoulders, and from blade to blade
A H——— might at full length have laid;
Vaſt were his Bones, his Muſcles twiſted ſtrong,
His Face was ſhort, but broader than 'twas long,
His Features, tho' by Nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge
And bury meaning, ſave that we might ſpy
Senſe low'ring on the penthouſe of his eye;
His Arms were two twin Oaks, his Legs ſo ſtout
That they might bear a Manſion Houſe about,
Nor were They, look but at his body there,
Deſign'd by Fate a much leſs weight to bear.

O'er

O'er a brown *Caſſock*, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A ſight moſt ſtrange, and aukward to behold
He threw a covering of *Blue* and *Gold*.
Juſt at that time of life, when Man by rule,
The Fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He ſtarted up a Fop, and, fond of ſhow,
Look'd like another HERCULES, turn'd *Beau*.
A Subject, met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
HOGARTH would draw him (Envy muſt allow)
E'en to the life, was HOGARTH living now.

With ſuch accoutrements, with ſuch a form,
Much like a Porpoiſe juſt before a ſtorm,
Onward He roll'd; a laugh prevail'd around,
E'en JOVE was ſeen to ſimper; at the ſound
(Nor was the cauſe unknown, for from his Youth
Himſelf he ſtudied by the glaſs of Truth)
He join'd their mirth, nor ſhall the Gods condemn
If, whilſt They laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge REASON view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd thro' his ſoul, and quite forgot his face,

And

And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regar
Plac'd in her other ſcale the name of *Bar*—

Then (for ſhe did as Judges ought to do,
She nothing of the caſe beforehand knew
Nor wiſh'd to know, ſhe never ſtretch'd the laws,
Nor, baſely to anticipate a cauſe,
Compell'd Sollicitors no longer free,
To ſhew thoſe briefs ſhe had no right to ſee)
Then ſhe with equal hand her ſcales held out,
Nor did the Cauſe one moment hang in doubt,
She held her ſcales out fair to public view;
The *Lord*, as ſparks fly upwards, upwards flew,
More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The *Bard*, preponderating, kept his ſtate,
REASON approv'd, and with a voice, whoſe ſound
Shook earth, ſhook heaven, on the cleareſt ground,
Pronouncing for the *Bards* a full decree
Cried—Thoſe muſt Honour *Them*, who honour *Me*,
They from this preſent day, where'er I reign,
In their own right, Precedence ſhall obtain,
Merit rules here, be it enough that *Birth*
Intoxicates, and ſways the fools of earth.

Nor

Nor think that here, in hatred to a Lord,
I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;
Search when You will (I am not now in ſport)
You'll find it regiſter'd in REASON's Court.

Nor think that Envy here hath ſtrung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I moſt admire,
And look on titles with an eye of ſcorn
Becauſe I was not to a title born.
By Him that made me, I am much more proud,
More inly ſatisfied, to have a croud
Point at me as I paſs, and cry,—that's He—
A poor, but honeſt Bard, who dares be free
Amidſt Corruption, than to have a train
Of flick'ring Levee ſlaves, to make me vain
Of things I ought to bluſh for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am leſs than Man, my faults t'adore,
And make me think that I am ſomething more.

Recall paſt times, bring back the days of old,
When the great Noble bore his honours bold,
And in the face of peril, when He dar'd
Things which his legal Baſtard, if declar'd,

Might

Might well diſcredit; faithful to his truſt,
In the extremeſt points of Juſtice, Juſt,
Well-knowing All, and lov'd by All he kn.
True to his King, and to his Country true,
Honeſt at Court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dreſs, and in his Manners plain,
Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous but not profuſe,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their uſe,
Poſſeſſing much, and yet deſerving more,
Deſerving thoſe high honours which he wore
With eaſe to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, becauſe he did not claim,
When the grim War was plac'd in dread array,
Fierce as the Lion roaring for his prey,
Or Lioneſs of royal whelps foredone,
In Peace, as mild as the departing Sun,
A gen'ral bleſſing whereſoe'er he turn'd,
Patron of Learning, nor himſelf unlearn'd,
Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
A Father of the Poor, a Friend to All,
Recall ſuch times, and from the grave bring back
A Worth like this, my heart ſhall bend, or crack,
My ſtubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And ev'ry Muſe conſpire to ſwell his fame.

'Till

No Envy ſhall to him that praiſe allow,
Which ſhe cannot deny to TEMPLE now.

This Juſtice claims, nor ſhall the Bard forget,
Delighted with the taſk, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a Man, and in his lays,
Sounding ſuch worth, prove his own right to praiſe.
But let not Pride and Prejudice miſdeem,
And think that empty Titles are my Theme,
Titles, with Me, are vain, and nothing worth,
I rev'rence Virtue, but I laugh at Birth.
Give me a Lord that's honeſt, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his ſlave.
Tho' none indeed but Blockheads would pretend
To make a ſlave, where they may make a friend.
I love his Virtues, and will make them known,
Confeſs his rank, but can't forget my own.
Give me a Lord, who, to a Title born,
Boaſts nothing elſe, I'll pay him ſcorn with ſcorn.
What, ſhall my Pride (and Pride is Virtue here)
Tamely make way, if ſuch a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd ſtand, and bend my knee
To ſuch a ſhadow of Nobility,

A Shred, a Remnant? he might rot unkn[illegible]
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note
Had He not worn by chance his Father's
To think a M— — — worth my leaſt regards,
Is treaſon to the *Majeſty* of *Bards*.

By NATURE form'd (when for her Honour ſake
She ſomething more than common ſtrove to make,
When, overlooking each *minute defect*,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour, ſhe impreſt
Her ſtamp moſt ſtrongly on the favour'd breaſt)
The *Bard* (nor think too lightly that I mean
Thoſe little, piddling Witlings, who o'erween
Of their ſmall parts, the MURPHYS of the ſtage,
The MASONS and WHITEHEADS of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearſe,
And drawl out meaſur'd proſe, which They call verſe)
The real *Bard*, whom native Genius fires,
Whom every Maid of Caſtaly inſpires,
Let him conſider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but anſwer Nature's great inten[illegible]

And

fairly weigh himſelf with other men,
ould ne'er debaſe the glories of his pen,
Would in full ſtate, like a true Monarch, live,
Nor bate one inch of his *Prerogative*.

Methinks I ſee old WINGATE frowning here,
(WINGATE may in the ſeaſon be a Peer,
Tho' now, againſt his will, of figures ſick,
He's forc'd to diet on *Arithmetic*,
E'en whilſt he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old Cloaths to ſell about the ſtreets,
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His *Tyburn* Bob turn'd to a dreſs'd Bag Wig)
I hear him cry—What doth this jargon mean?
Was ever ſuch a damn'd dull Blockhead ſeen?
Majeſty—*Bard*——*Prerogative*—Diſdain
Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
To *Bethlem* with him—give him whips and ſtraw—
I'm very ſenſible he's mad in Law.
A ſaucy Groom who trades in Reaſon, thus
To ſet himſelf upon a *Par* with us;
If this *here's* ſuffer'd, and if that *there* fool
May when he pleaſes ſend us all to ſchool,

Why then our only business is outright
To take our caps, and bid the World good night.
I've kept a *Bard* myself *this* twenty years,
But nothing of this kind in him appears.
He, like a thorough true-bred Spaniel, licks
The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks,
He fetches and he carries, blacks my shoes,
Nor thinks it a discredit to his Muse,
A Creature of the right Camelion hue,
He wears my colours, yellow or true Blue,
Just as I wear them; 'tis all one to him,
Whether I change thro' conscience, or thro' whim.
Now this is something like, on such a plan
A *Bard* may find a friend in a great man;
But this proud Coxcomb—Zounds, I thought that All
Of this queer tribe had been like my *Old* PAUL.

Injurious Thought! accurs'd be the tongue
On which the vile insinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd, curst be those,
Those *Bards*, who not themselves alone expose,
But *Me*, but *All*, and make the very name
By which They're call'd, a stumbling-block to Fame.

Talk not of Cuſtom—'tis the Coward's plea,
Current with Fools, but paſſes not with me;
An old ſtale trick, which guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better ſide.
Why tell me then that from the birth of Rime,
No matter when, down to the preſent time,
As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection ſought amongſt the Great,
Conſcious of weakneſs, have applied to them
As Vines to Elms, and twining round their ſtem,
Flouriſh'd on high; to gain this wiſh'd ſupport
E'en VIRGIL to MÆCENAS paid his court.
As to the Cuſtom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a fooliſh diffidence, not need,
From which it roſe; Had *Bards* but truly known
That Strength, which is moſt properly their own,
Without a *Lord*, *unpropp'd*, They might have ſtood,
And overtopp'd thoſe Giants of the wood.

But why, when preſent times my care engage
Muſt I go back to the *Auguſtan* age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the manſions of the antient dead?

Can they find Patrons no where but at Ro
And muſt I ſeek MÆCENAS in the tomb?
Name but a WINGATE, twenty Fools of
Start up, and from report MÆCENAS quo
Under his colours *Lords* are proud to fight,
Forgetting that MÆCENAS was a *Knight*;
They mention him, as if to uſe his name,
Was in ſome meaſure, to partake his fame,
Tho' VIRGIL, was he living, in the ſtreet
Might rot for them, or periſh in the *Fleet*.
See how They redden, and the charge diſclaim—
VIRGIL, and in the *Fleet*—forbid it Shame.
Hence, Ye vain Boaſters, to the *Fleet* repair,
And aſk, with bluſhes aſk, if LLOYD is there.

Patrons, in days of yore, were Men of Senſe,
Were Men of Taſte, and had a fair pretence
To rule in Letters—Some of Them were heard
To read off-hand, and never ſpell a word;
Some of them too, to ſuch a monſtrous height
Was Learning riſen, for themſelves could write,
And kept their Secretaries, as the Great
Do many other fooliſh things, for State.

Our

Our Patrons are of quite a diff'rent ſtrain,
With neither ſenſe nor taſte againſt the grain,
They patronize for faſhion ſake—no more—
And keep a *Bard*, juſt as they keep a *Whore*.
M——(on ſuch occaſion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
Nor could deſerve their *Clergy* by their *Creed*;
Others can write, but ſuch a *Pagan* hand
A WILLES ſhould always at our elbow ſtand;
Many, if begg'd, A *Chancellor*, of right,
Would order into keeping at firſt ſight.
Thoſe who ſtand faireſt to the public view
Take to themſelves the praiſe to others due,
They rob the very *Spital*, and make free
With thoſe alas who've leaſt to ſpare: — We ſee,
——— hath not had a word to ſay,
Since Winds and Waves bore SINGLESPEECH away.

Patrons in days yore, like Patrons now,
Expected that the *Bard* ſhould make his bow
At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that They were more than men,

But, like the Patriots of the preſent day,
They never ſhar'd the Poet's pay.
VIRGIL lov'd rural eaſe, and, free from harm,
MÆCENAS fix'd him in a neat, snug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, paſs his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praiſe.
HORACE lov'd wine, and, thro' his friend at Court,
Could buy it off the Key in ev'ry port;
HORACE lov'd mirth, MÆCENAS lov'd it too,
They met, they laugh'd as GOY and I may do,
Nor in thoſe moments paid the leaſt regard
To which was *Miniſter*, and which was *Bard*.

Not ſo our Patrons—grave as grave can be,
They *know themſelves*, They keep up *dignity*;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That Men of fortune rank with Men of Wit;
Wit if familiar made, will find her ſtrength—
'Tis beſt to keep her weak, and at arm's length.
'Tis well enough for *Bards*, if Patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the ſcanty means to live.
Such is their language, and their practice ſuch,
They promiſe little, and they give not much.

Let the weak *Bard*, with proſtituted train,
Praiſe that proud Scot, whom all good men diſdain;
What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his Lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the Cook in rime,
Or (if he ſtrives true Patriots to diſgrace)
May at the *ſecond* Table get a place,
With ſomewhat greater ſlaves allow'd to dine,
And play at CRAMBO o'er his gill of wine.

And are there *Bards*, who on Creation's file
Stand rank'd as Men, who breathe in this fair Iſle
The air of Freedom, with ſo little gall,
So low a Spirit, proſtrate thus to fall
Before theſe Idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a ſtone?
Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The ſight of men, and in ſome cave, ſecure
From all the outrages of pride, to feaſt
On Nature's ſallads, and be free at leaſt.
Better (tho' that, to ſay the truth, is worſe
Than almoſt any other modern curſe)

Diſcard

Diſcard all Se[illegible] thankleſs Muſ[illegible]
Critics comm[illegible], and [illegible] the *Reviews*,
Write with[illegible] mor, GRIF[illegible]IS cannot rea[illegible]
No Fool can fail, where LANGHORNE can ſu[illegible]

But (not to make a brave and honeſt Pride
Try thoſe means firſt, ſhe muſt diſdain when tried)
There are a Thouſand ways, a Thouſand arts,
By which, and fairly, Men of real parts
May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
Let Thoſe, who pine for more, live, and be ſlaves.
Our real wants in a ſmall compaſs lye,
But lawleſs Appetite with eager eye,
Kept in a conſtant Fever, more requires
And we are burnt up with our own de[illegible]
Hence our dependence, hence our [illegible]
Bards, if contented, are as great as [illegible]
Ourſelves are to Ourſelves the cauſe [illegible]
We may be Independent, if we wil[illegible]
The Man, who ſuits his Spirit to his [illegible]
Stands on an equal footing with the Great,
MOGULS themſelves are not more rich, a[illegible]
Who rules the Engliſh nation, not more [illegible]

Chains were not forg'd more durable and ſtrong
For Britiſh than others, but They've worne them long,
And therefore wear them ſtill, They've quite forgot
What Freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
Could They, tho' in their ſleep, could They but know
The bleſſings which from INDEPENDENCE flow,
Could They but have a ſhort and tranſient gleam
Of LIBERTY, tho' 'twas but in a dream,
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But, once made Freemen, would be always free.
The Muſe, if ſhe one moment freedom gains,
Can never more ſubmit to ſing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The Bird repays his keeper with his ſong,
But, if ſome playful child ſets wide the door,
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
With love of Liberty begins to burn,
And rather ſtarves than to his cage return.

Hail INDEPENDENCE—by true Reaſon taught,
How few have known, and priz'd Thee as they ought.
Some give Thee up for riot; Some, like Boys,
Reſign Thee in their childiſh moods, for toys;

Ambition

Ambition ſome, ſome Avarice miſleads,
And in both caſes INDEPENDENCE bleeds;
Abroad, in queſt of Thee, how many roam,
Nor know They had Thee in their reach at home;
Some, tho' about their paths, their beds about,
Have never had the Senſe to find Thee out;
Others, who know of what They are poſſeſs'd,
Like fearful Miſers, lock Thee in a cheſt,
Nor have the reſolution to produce
In theſe bad times, and bring Thee forth for uſe.
Hail, INDEPENDENCE—tho' thy name's ſcarce known,
Tho' Thou, Alas! art out of faſhion grown,
Tho' All deſpiſe Thee, I will not deſpiſe,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy preſence, and enjoy; by angry Fate
Bow'd down, and almoſt cruſh'd, *Thou* cam'ſt, tho' late,
Thou cam'ſt upon me, like a ſecond birth,
And made me know what life was truly [illegible]
Hail, INDEPENDENCE—never may my Cot,
'Till I forget Thee, be by Thee forgot;
Thither, O Thither, oftentimes repair
COTES, whom Thou loveſt too, ſhall meet Thee there:
All thoughts, but what ariſe from joy, [illegible]
PEACE dwells within, and LAW ſhall guard the door.

Overweening

Overweening Bard! LAW guard thy door, what LAW?
The LAW of ENGLAND——To controul, and awe
Those saucy hopes, to strike that Spirit dumb,
Behold, in State, ADMINISTRATION come.

Why let Her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to suffer all she dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her strength, but will not change my side.
This melting mass of flesh she may controul
With Iron ribs, she cannot chain my Soul.
No—to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,
I'm still at large, and *Independent* there.

Where is this Minister; where is the band
Of ready slaves, who at his elbow stand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will?
Why, for the first time, are they slow to ill?
When some grand act 'gainst Law is to be done,
Doth —— —— sleep; doth Bloodhound —— run
To L——, and worry those small deer
When He might do more precious mischief here?
Doth —— turn tail? Doth He refuse to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?

Doth

Doth —, at [illegible] kick'd from G——d inn,
With that co[illegible] lump of unbak'd dough, h[illegible]on,
And, his more honeſt rival K[illegible]ch to che[illegible]
Purchaſe a burial place where three way[illegible]
Believe it not; —— is —— ſtill,
And never ſleeps, when he ſhould wake to ill;
—— doth leſſer miſchiefs by the bye,
The great Ones 'till the Term in *Petto* lie;
—— lives, and, to the ſtricteſt juſtice true,
Scorns to defraud the Hangman of his due.

O my poor COUNTRY—weak and overpow'r'd
By thine own Sons—eat to the bone—devour'd
By Vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood a[illegible]fed,
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I ſee,
And, for myſelf not feeling, feel for [illegible]
I grieve, but can't deſpair—for, Lo, at
FREEDOM preſents a choice, but fai[illegible]
Of *Loyal* PATRIOTS, Men who gre[illegible]dare
In ſuch a noble cauſe, Men fit to b[illegible]
The weight of Empires; *Fortun*[illegible]and
Virtue and *Knowledge*, leagu'd w[illegible]

ir ranks; FREEDOM from ſile to file
elighted eye, and with a ſmile
er honeſt Sons, whilſt down her cheek,
y ſtealth (her heart too full to ſpeak),
One Tear in ſilence creeps, one honeſt Tear,
And ſeems to ſay, Why is not GRANBY here?

O Ye brave *Few*, in whom we ſtill may find
A Love of Virtue, Freedom, and Mankind,
Go forth—in Majeſty of Woe array'd,
See, at your feet Your COUNTRY kneels for aid,
And, (many of her children traitors grown,)
Kneels to thoſe Sons ſhe ſtill can call her own,
Seeming to breathe her laſt in ev'ry breath,
She kneels for Freedom, or ſhe begs for Death——
Fly th n, each duteous Son, each Engliſh Chief,
And to your drooping Parent bring relief.
Go for h—nor let the Siren voice of eaſe
Tempt Ye to ſleep, whilſt tempeſts ſwell the ſeas;
Go fo th—nor let Hypocriſy, whoſe tongue
Wit many a fair, falſe, fatal art is hung,
Lik Bethel's fawning Prophet, croſs your way,
When your great Errand brooks not of delay;

Nor

Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all ſhe meets,
Trembling and pale—A Lion in the ſtreets—
Damp your free Spirits; let not threats affright,
Nor Bribes corrupt, nor Flatteries delight.
Be as One Man—CONCORD ſucceſs enſures—
There's not an Engliſh heart but what is Yours.
Go forth—and VIRTUE, ever in your ſight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the Champions of your native land,
And may the battle proſper in your hand—
It may, it muſt—Ye cannot be withſtood—
Be your Hearts honeſt, as your Cauſe is good.

THE JOURNEY.

THE JOURNEY.

SOME of my *Friends* (for *Friends* I muſt ſuppoſe
All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good will, and, not more full of ſpite
Than full of craft, under falſe colours fight)
Some of my *Friends* (ſo laviſhly I print)
As more in ſorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will ſcarce admit a doubt)
That I ſhall run my ſtock of Genius out,
My no great ſtock, and, publiſhing ſo faſt,
Muſt needs become a Bankrupt at the laſt,

" The Huſbandman, to ſpare a thankful ſoil,
" Which, rich in diſpoſition, pays his toil

" More than a hundred f
" E'en to his wiſh, and
" By long Experience ta
" Forgoes his hopes a wh
" The Land, allow'd its
" Refreſh'd, and full in
" A ſecond Youth, and
" Bids richer crops, and

" Nor think this prac
" It reaches to the cul
" The Mind of Man craves reſt, and cannot bear,
" Tho' next in pow'r to Gods, continual care.
" Genius himſelf (nor here let Genius frown)
" Muſt, to enſure his vigour, be laid do
" And fallow'd well; had CHURCHILL
" Which the moſt ſlight obſerver ſcarce
" He might have flouriſh'd twenty yea
" Tho' now *alas!* poor Man! worn o

Recover'd from the vanity of youth
I feel, *alas!* this melancholly truth,
Thanks to each cordial, each adviſing Friend.
And am, if not too late, reſolv'd to m

Reſolv'd to give ſome reſpite to my pen,
Apply myſelf once more to Books, and Men,
What is preſent, what is paſt review,
And my old ſtock exhauſted lay in new.
For twice ſix moons (let winds, turn'd Porters, bear
This oath to Heav'n) for twice ſix moons I ſwear,
No Muſe ſhall tempt me with her Siren lay,
Nor draw me from Improvement's thorny way.
Verſe I abjure, nor will forgive that Friend,
Who in my hearing ſhall a Rime commend.

It cannot be——Whether I will, or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in meaſure flow.
Convinc'd, determin'd, I in proſe begin,
But e're I write one ſentence, *Verſe, creeps in,*
And taints me thro' and thro; by this good light
In Verſe I talk by day, I dream by night;
If now and then I curſe, my curſes chime,
Nor can I pray, unleſs I pray in rime.
E'en now I err, in ſpite of Common Senſe,
And my Confeſſion doubles my offence.

Reſt then my *Friends*—ſpare, ſpare your precious breath,
And be your ſlumbers not leſs ſound than death;

Perturbed

Perturbed Spirits reſt, nor
To waſte your counſels in
On your grave leſſons
Nor e'en in verſe
Reſt then my *Friends*,
Let Envy, in the ſhape of
To blaſt me e're my time;
('Tis no long interval) pro
Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry Son of phlegm
Find ample room to cenſure and condemn.
Read ſome three hundred lines, (no eaſy taſk;
But probably the laſt that I ſhall aſk)
And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
Nay not ſo much, Revenge is in your pow'r,
And Ye may cry, ere Time hath turn'd
Lo! what *We* prophecied is come to pa

Let Thoſe, who Poetry in Poems
Or not read this, or only read to bla
Let Thoſe, who are by fiction's char
Return me thanks for half a crown well ſav'd;
Let thoſe, who love a little gall in rime,
Poſtpone their purchaſe now, and call next time;

Let

Let Thoſe, who, void of Nature, look for art,
Take to their money, and in peace depart;
Let Thoſe, who energy of diction prize,
For BILLINGSGATE quit FLEXNEY, and be wiſe;
Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force,
Mean are the words, and ſuch as come of courſe,
The Subject not leſs ſimple than the lay;
A plain, unlabour'd journey of a Day.

Far from Me now be ev'ry tuneful Maid,
I neither aſk, nor can receive their aid.
Pegaſus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the Siſters of the hill
Behold their Bard in ſuch a *Diſhabille*.
Abſent, but only abſent for a time,
Let Them careſs ſome dearer ſon of Rime,
Let Them, as far as Decency permits,
Without ſuſpicion, play the fool with Wits,
'Gainſt Fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are ſafe things, there's danger in a Fool.

Let Them, tho' modeſt, GRAY more modeſt wooe;
Let Them with MASON bleat, and bray, and cooe;

Let

Let Them with FRANKLIN, proud of ſome ſmall Greek,
Make SOPHOCLES, di[illegible]
Let them with GLOVE[illegible]
Let them with DODSL[illegible] Cleone's
Whilſt He, fine feelin[illegible]
Melts as they melt, and [illegible]
Let T[illegible]
Silent and ſoft, lay F[illegible]p
Let Them with BROWNE contrive, no vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living ſick;
Let Them in Charity to MURPHY give
Some old French piece, that he may ſteal and live;
Let Them with *antick* FOOTE ſubſcriptions get,
And adverti[illegible] a Summer-houſe of Wit.

Thus, or in any better way They pleaſe
With theſe great Men[illegible] with
Let them their a[illegible] laugh
[illegible] Journ[illegible] proceed

If fa[illegible], and fond o[illegible]
With *hum'rous* SCOTS let Them diſport their hour;
Let [illegible]ry like, round OSSIAN's tomb;
Let them [illegible] for HUME;

Let

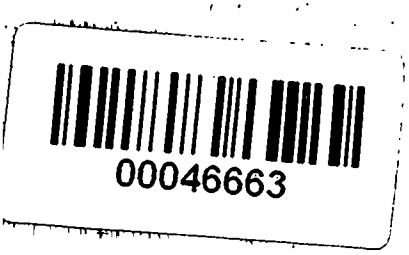
Let them with HOME, the very Prince of verſe,
Make ſomething like a Tragedy in *Erſe*;
Under dark Allegory's [illegible] veil
Let Them with [illegible] ſpin out a tale
Of rueful length [illegible] Them plain things obſcure,
Deba[illegible] what's truly rich, and what is poor
[illegible] ſkill [illegible] moſt uncouth;
[illegible], prim Prettineſs of Youth
[illegible]orn of falſe Taſte, with Fancy (like a Child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated Stile, by Affectation taught,
With much falſe Colouring, and little Thought,
With Phraſes ſtrange, and Dialect decreed
By Reaſon never to have paſs'd the *Tweed*,
With Words, which Nature meant each other's foe,
Forc'd to compound whether they will or no,
With ſuch materials, Let Them, if They will,
To prove at once their pleaſantry and ſkill,
Build up a Bard to war 'gainſt Common [illegible]
By way of Compliment to Providence;
Let Them with ARMSTRONG, taking leave of Senſe,
[illegible] *Benevolence*,
[illegible] the pa[illegible] gaping *Day*,
Where [illegible] Fame was thrown away,

Where

Where all, but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a better'd Soon;
Let Them with ARMSTRONG pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness; when the Night
Suspends this mortal coil, when Memory wakes,
When for our past misdeeds conscience takes
A deep revenge, when, by reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead.
Let ev'ry Muse be gone; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for sleep; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna in his coward breast,
And Guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest.
Tho' soft as Plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring.
INGRATITUDE hath planted daggers there,
No good Man can deserve, no brave Man bear.

Thus, -- in any better way They please,
With these great Men, or with great Men like these,
Let Them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all Alone proceed.

J. Cambile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